The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

Summary of the News

The various chancelleries have been busy during the past week with the framing of notes of protest or of replies to protests. From Great Britain three diplomatic communications were made public in the course of last week. In the papers of February 18 was published the text of Sir Edward Grey's note replying to the American communication complaining of the seizures and detentions of American cargoes destined for neutral ports. In view of recent and more startling events, Sir Edward Grey's answer, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, came rather as an anti-climax, and the public interest evinced in it has been principally academic. The other two notes from Great Britain, published on February 20, dealt respectively with the use of the American flag as a *ruse de guerre* on British merchant vessels and with the case of the steamship Wilhelmina. On both of these notes we comment more fully in other columns, as well as on the German reply to the American note of protest against any attack on American vessels in the so-called "war zone," the text of which was printed in the papers of February 19. The Netherlands Government also issued a statement on February 19, giving the contents of the note of protest sent to Germany on the establishment of the "war zone." The note declared that, were a Dutch vessel sunk on suspicion and without warning, the Government of the Netherlands would hold Germany responsible. As we write, no reply has been received from the German Government. Dispatches from The Hague state that some uneasiness is felt as to Holland's position, and that all military preparations are being carried forward in case of any eventuality.

Germany's declaration of a "war zone" around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, including the English Channel, went officially into effect on February 18. Since that date, up to the time of writing, some neutral vessels, notably three Norwegian, have been sunk by mines or torpedoes within the zone, and one British ship. The last, the Cambank, was a small coasting steamer, and its sinking has no especial significance except in the fact that lives were lost and that it was torpedoed without any notice being given. Heretofore, as in the case of the Tokomaru, there has been some possibility of doubt as to whether a merchant vessel had actually been torpedoed by a German submarine without opportunity of escape being afforded to the non-combatant crew. The case of the Cambank shows conclusively that Germany is prepared to live up to her threat that she will depart in her naval operations from the ordinary conduct of civilized warfare. It was reported on Monday in Berlin that a British transport, carrying troops to France, had also been torpedoed. The report, however, came by the Sayville wireless and has not been confirmed.

The case of the Norwegian Belridge, which was bound from one neutral port to another, and which seems on the evidence to have been struck by a torpedo, not by a mine, again without warning, has aroused intense indignation in Norway, where various proposals have been suggested for the protection of Norwegian vessels from piratical attack on the high seas. One such suggestion is that an embargo shall be placed by neutral countries on all German ships lying in their harbors until satisfactory arrangements for the payment of indemnities shall have been made. Other proposals suggest joint action by the three Scandinavian Powers to provide convoys for their merchant ships. It is understood that the German reply to the protest presented by the Scandinavian Powers against the proposed "war zone" has been received, but its contents have not, as we write, been made public.

The sinking of the American steamship Evelyn, on February 21, is in a different category from the cases which have been mentioned. The Evelyn, which sailed from New York on January 29 with a cargo of cotton for Bremen, was sunk apparently by a mine off Borkum Island, in the North Sea. Her master and some of the crew were rescued by a German vessel. Secretary of the Navy Daniels has directed the Embassies at Berlin and London to inquire into the circumstances, and it is understood that the American Naval Attaché at Berlin has been requested to make investigations with a view to determining whether the loss of the vessel was caused by a mine or a submarine. It is not expected, however, that the case will lead to international complications, since the sinking did not occur within the prescribed "war zone" and the balance of probability seems to be that it was caused by a mine.

Additional correspondence bearing on the diplomatic negotiations that took place on the eve of the war was brought to light on February 19 with the publication of the text of letters exchanged between M. Poincaré and King George of England. The letter of the President of the French Republic, dated July 31, suggested that the only way by which peace might still be secured was for Great Britain to make it clear that in the event of hostilities that country would be aligned with France and Russia. King George's reply was non-committal.

The Italian Parliament reassembled on February 18, its deliberations guarded by troops, themselves cheered by the mob whose clamors for war they were stationed to suppress. All efforts of Deputies to force a discussion of Italy's foreign policy were frustrated by Signor Salandra, on the ground that such discussion would be inopportune, since nothing had occurred to alter the position which Italy had taken up, and the Government was supported by the Chamber by a vote of 254 to 27. Nevertheless, a well-defined opinion appears to be growing in Italy that intervention on the side of the Allies will ultimately be decided on. Even the Rome correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt* admits a "state of nervous excitement," and Austro-Italian "incidents" become daily of more frequent occurrence. The latest was the firing by Austrian torpedo boats on an Italian fishing vessel near Antivari, reported on February 21.

The attitude of Rumania with regard to the war remains in doubt. According to dispatches from Petrograd, dated February 20, the Russian Minister to Rumania has informed the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonoff, that Rumania will continue her present policy of watchful neutrality, and that "Russia should not rely upon the co-operation of Rumania." The present Russian retreat from Bukowina, together with the Albanian trouble on the Servian frontier and uncertainty regarding the position of Bulgaria (made more uncertain by the political aspect attributed to the recent bomb outrage at a ball in Sofia), may well combine to make Rumania hold her hand, despite the fact that public opinion is overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies. The Albanian invasion of Servia, it may be mentioned in this connection, appears to have been rather in the nature of a sporadic raid on the part of Mohammedan enemies of Essad Pasha, egged on by Austrian emissaries. The Albanians have been driven back and a strong guard has been posted on the frontier.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco was opened by wireless by President Wilson at noon (Pacific Coast time) on February 20.

The Administration Shipping bill, after many vicissitudes of fortune, was virtually dropped on February 18, when the Senate, by an arrangement between Republicans and Democrats, asked the House for a conference on the measure. Under the arrangement, the bill will stay in conference until February 27, while the annual appropriation bills are disposed of. It may then be brought before the Senate again, but it is not likely that a vote will be reached in the remaining four days of the session.

The situation in respect to the demands recently made by Japan of China is involved in not a little obscurity. Both countries have presented notes to the Government of the United States and of other Powers, guarantors of China's integrity, purporting to set forth the nature of these demands, but there is considerable discrepancy in their scope as outlined in the two notes. The Japanese note presented to the State Department outlines eleven points on which concessions are asked from China, but none of the demands made would appear to violate the principle of the "open door." The Chinese note, however, enumerates twenty-one points which are said to be in dispute, and the concession of some of which would virtually involve the complete domination of China by Japan.

The deaths of the week include: Rev. Thomas Kelly Cheyne, Emile Waldteufel, February 16; Brig.-Gen. Greenleaf A. Goodale, February 17; H. Ward Leonard, Col. John Stevens McEwan, February 18; Gopal Krishna Gokhale, Dr. Frank Fuller, February 19; ex-Senator William Marmaduke Kavanaugh, Dr. Winfred Robert Martin, February 21; Sir Charles Augustus Hartley, Prof. Richard Hudson, February 22; Brig.-Gen. John E. Gough, February 23.

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The Week

Great Britain's reply to the protest of our Government in the matter of indiscriminate use of the American flag by English merchantmen has a good deal of circumlocution in it. First, it takes up the facts. It is not denied that the Lusitania, and possibly now and then another ship, hoisted the flag of the United States. This is not contrary to precedent, especially American precedent. It is not to be expected that the British Government would hurriedly repeal the act making it lawful for English shipmasters to fly a neutral flag for the sake of escaping capture or sinking. At the same time the Government has issued no orders, and has no intention of doing so, to resort to this ruse "as a general practice." As this is substantially all that the Washington Government requested, we suppose that the incident is to be regarded as closed, so far as it relates to England and the United States. Germany still comes in with her charge that the British Admiralty had issued directions to use neutral flags, and her consequent warning that no ships sighted by her submarines could be considered safe, no matter under what colors they were sailing. Such an attitude could not be maintained even if the facts were as alleged; and this, it is stated in Washington, will be plainly pointed out to the German Government in a supplementary note.

There is nothing in the sinking of the Evelyn to cause the slightest anxiety. She happens to be the first American ship to hit a floating mine, but there have been many other neutral vessels to meet a similar fate. As the Evelyn was bound to a German port and was near the German coast when she was sunk, the mine was either a part of a mine field into which the Evelyn blundered, or had broken loose from its anchorage. Had there been many American vessels ploughing through these waters, others must have met a like disaster, which in this case is offset by the war-risk insurance. That the State Department will waste any time on it we cannot believe. It is one of the hazards that commerce must undergo in navigating near a war zone, and as the risk is voluntarily assumed, there can be no cause of complaint, providing that the mines were originally laid in accordance with the prescribed rules. It was, of course, not anything like this that President Wilson had in mind in his protest to Germany, but the deliberate destruction of an American ship by a submarine without prior examination, or giving the American crew the opportunity to save their lives.

The most punctilious duellist, reading Sir Edward Grey's note to Ambassador Page, would have to confess that there is no "fighting matter" in it. It is a dry legal document. Written, as it undoubtedly was, by the law officers of the Crown, it carries the marks of its origin. It is as little belligerent as a lawyer's brief. This supplementary reply of the British Government to the American protest of nearly two months ago has been long in coming. It was on December 28 that our Ambassador in London handed the note of the State Department to the Foreign Office. A preliminary answer was made on January 7. This fuller one comes on February 18. Doubtless, it could be "continued in our next," if the Washington Government cared to continue the leisurely exchange of correspondence. Sir Edward Grey has apparently been proceeding on the theory, so loved of certain public men, that most letters will answer themselves if you only let them lie long enough. The delay has certainly inured to the argumentative advantage of the British Government on at least two points. One of these is the rapid recovery in the American export trade. Our original protest was partly based on the fact that the British exercise of the right of search was having the effect of seriously and unnecessarily cutting down our foreign commerce. This situation has, on the confession of our own Government authorities, since changed so radically that it is hardly necessary to debate the matter further. Save for cotton, our exports are now virtually up to normal —in some lines, much higher than normal. It is still for our Government to insist upon the full measure of our neutral rights at sea; but the first stress of the war, and of the search for contraband, has passed, and we cannot now effectively sustain our theoretical contentions by display of the practical injury done to our trade.

In the matter of foodstuffs, Sir Edward Grey's communication to Ambassador Page leaves it as yet uncertain whether England intends to keep them out of Germany by blockade or by declaring them contraband. The latter plan is first to be tried in the case of the Wilhelmina's cargo. A prize court will pass upon the question whether the German decree confiscating all food in the Empire does not create the presumption that every shipment of foodstuffs is destined for military purposes, and is therefore seizable as contraband. On this subject the reasoning of the German Government is far from conclusive, while its offer to guarantee that all imported food shall be earmarked for civilians is almost ludicrous. If the Government really puts all food into one common reservoir, from which it doles out portions both to the army and to non-combatants, it is perfectly evident that an outside supply for the latter would, in effect, place just that added amount at the disposal of the Government for military purposes. Even in Germany, we suppose, things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

When it came to the actual necessity of a choice between the Shipping bill and the avoidance of an extra session of Congress, the President could not long hesitate before abandoning the bill. It is a wise decision, even if it was forced upon him. He is said to be intending to arraign the Republicans before the country as responsible for the wreck of the measure. It is a reproach which they can endure with entire equanimity. They have not done a better piece of work in a long time than the defeat of a bill which never commanded hearty support, in Congress or out, because its real aim and effects were never made clear. It was a measure continually altered while you wait, and the final jettisoning of it will give relief all round. Still greater relief will be caused by the assurances from Washington that there will be, in no event, an extra session. If any of the appropriation bills fail, for lack of time, a joint resolution will extend the present supply bills until the next Congress meets. We need not repeat the reasons which we have already stated why an extra session would be highly undesirable. It would be so as respects both domestic legislation and our foreign relations. Congressmen themselves will leave Washington on March 4 with deep satisfaction that they are not to be called back before December; and the satisfaction of the country will be deeper still.

Against the men whom the President has nominated as members of the new Federal Trade Commission, no serious objection is made in Washington except the partisan one. No straight-out Republican is among them! Hence the gnashing of teeth. The statute merely provides that not more than three of

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the five members shall be of the same party. What Mr. Wilson has done is to select, in addition to three Democrats, one Republican who is suspected of having acted with the Progressives, and one full-blown Progressive who is charged with having favored the election of a Democrat in New Hampshire in place of Senator Gallinger. Such political hyphenates are naturally anathema to the Republicans of the straitest sect. It will be impossible for them, however, to show that the President has not complied with the law. They may accuse him of political motives—of a desire to help keep the Progressive party alive, for the benefit of the Democrats—but in the end the decision to confirm or reject the appointees will have to be made on their merits. And as to these, a fair judgment will be that the President has chosen fit men for the important work of the new Commission.

The functions of this Federal Trade Commission are, or can be made, of great importance. It is a sort of mediating body, standing between corporations and Congress, and also serving as a kind of assistant to the Department of Justice. Taking over entire the duties of the Bureau of Corporations, the Commission will have to deal with a large number of questions relating to unfair trade practices, to the issue of securities, and to the general enforcement and reasonable application of the Anti-Trust laws. In addition, as pointed out by the President, with perhaps a bit too triumphant emphasis, in his Indianapolis speech, it will have the right to inquire into the workings of the tariff law, and to suggest, from time to time, desirable changes in it. This is represented by outraged Republicans as a crafty stealing of their own thunder of a Tariff Commission. It naturally increases their grief and anger. But their displays of emotion will not tend to hurt the chances of confirmation of the men whom the President has nominated.

Throw a real expert out of the window, and you soon have to ask him to come back through the door. This truth has an illustration in the decision of the Senate at Washington to leave it to Senator Burton to say just what items it is necessary to put into the Rivers and Harbors bill this year. Of course, behind this action lies the fear of a filibuster which would prevent the passage of any bill whatever. But there will be no filibuster against a bill properly trimmed, and to Senator Burton is to be turned over the main part of the work of cutting away the superfluities and excrescences. If the final sum appropriated is held down to the amount actually needed to go on with projects now under way, there will be no serious objection to the measure. This unusual resort is a tribute to the special knowledge of the subject possessed by Mr. Burton. Most of it was acquired during his long service in the House, where his committee work made him an authority on rivers and harbors. It may be added that the function now temporarily conferred upon him is such as foreign governments are glad to bestow upon qualified permanent officials. They make up the budget in the name of the Ministry. Senator Burton is to make up a part of ours on his own responsibility. But the actual process is the same in both cases; it is only the form that differs.

The cool effrontery of the petition by Gompers and others that the House appropriate $290,000 to pay the fine laid upon the Danbury Hatters' Union quite justified the "scathing language" said to have been used of it in the House Committee. About the general idea of the Government paying the penalties imposed by its courts upon lawbreakers hangs an odor of Irish justice worthy of Lover's extravagant vein. The arguments of organized labor are two. One is that the decision, based on the Sherman act, contravened the understood intent of Congress when the Sherman act was first passed, and the direct provisions of the newer Clayton act. But it is not for Congress thus to go behind the Supreme Court. The other is that the impoverishing effect of the heavy fine upon the local union justifies relief under "the general welfare clause" of the Constitution. On this theory any Federal punishment that *is* a punishment should be set aside. What Gompers is trying to do is to avoid the slight levy on the National Federation of Labor which a collective assumption of the fine would involve. The organization's whole strength was thrown into the fight, and it is for its whole strength to pay what it cost.

With as much outward pageantry and gayety as if half the world were not at war, the Panama-Pacific Exposition, ostensibly representing all nations, was opened on Saturday by an imposing parade of thousands of citizens and officers. It is such an opening as no other American exposition has seen, for every building in the $50,000,000 city is complete, and virtually every exhibit in place. The descriptions of the architectural scheme of the five great courts, of the cerulean, sienna, and pastel tints selected by Jules Guérin, of the brilliant lighting arrangements by night, leave no doubt that the administration has done all it humanly could. How much the war has cost in material and sentiment is plain. Partly by reason of it, England, Germany, and other great nations are not exhibitors, the display of warships in the bay is curtailed, and foreign visitors are cut off. But a brave attempt has been made to cover deficiencies. Forty-two countries are officially participating; four European expositions have sent their relics; States, firms, and individuals have displays worth $350,000,000. The visitors who will crowd the square mile of avenues and gardens until December will have small reason to recall that Europe is just now not interested in the arts of peace. And the net result will be much the same as the result of our previous world's fairs.

The ornamental use of studies is in discourse, but "to use them too much for ornament is affectation." President Butler's protest at Baltimore on Monday against the professor's oracular way of lecturing on everything under the sun carries us back to Bacon's words. It is an old weakness of the learned, accentuated by the modern worship of the expert. The war has made it clearer than ever, with a psychologist lecturing us on international affairs, an eminent American historian saying what's what in European politics, teachers of *belles lettres* suddenly coming out as authorities on the ethics and laws of nations. But we had enough of it before, in teachers of Dante whose opinions were as ready upon Chesterton as upon the "Convito," and in writers whose knowledge of the Swiss Constitution gave them leave to tell us how to mend our State governments. In Wisconsin, according to a popular impression, the great justification of professors who would arrogate the whole management of affairs to themselves has been the millions saved to the State by the Babcock milk-test. They are as logical as teachers of the Newtonian philosophy who would say the last word on the Calumet strike. The root of the matter, as President Butler hardly implied, is in the public's indiscriminating deference. It is a gratifying fact that it respects the professor, but it should do so in different spirit from mediæval Giles, certain that the parson can tell him how to raise leeks because he knows hard Latin words.

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A "STATE OF NECESSITY."

The German reply to the note of protest and warning by our Government leaves nothing to be desired in tone. There is not a pugnacious note in it, as affects German intentions towards the United States, though it is made the vehicle for many threats directed against England, including that of "new terrors of naval warfare." For this display of a friendly spirit towards ourselves, all Americans should be grateful, in these tense and difficult times. But this does not dispense us from looking to the substance as well as the form of the German answer. And we observe at once upon its surface the one explanation of all that Germany has done or proposes to do. She declares that she finds herself "in a state of necessity."

Now, we need not go back to the German Chancellor's statement in the Reichstag that necessity knows no law. It is enough for present purposes to bear in mind that necessity knows no clear reasoning. When a man sets out to justify a lawless course by saying that he was bound to do as he had done, he is certain to be neither coherent nor consistent. And this German note is marked by a great deal of confusion. Its parts do not hang together. And it gives with one hand what it takes away with the other. Thus it asserts that our Government "erroneously misunderstood" the order of the German Admiralty in supposing that it contemplated the sinking of neutral merchant vessels. On the contrary, "commanders of German submarines have been instructed to refrain from violent action against American merchant vessels." But it is at once added, "so far as these can be recognized." And it is also explained that there can be no guarantee of safety "so far as mines are concerned." In fact, the note admits elsewhere that, whether by mines or by torpedoes from submarines, American merchant ships may be sunk by "unfortunate accidents," and for them and their consequences "Germany disclaims all responsibility."

All this is as mixed up as it is disquieting. The confusion of thought undoubtedly grows out of the confusion of the whole plan which Germany is undertaking to carry out. It is, in a word, a plan unknown to international law and repugnant to humanity. It is a blockade not only on paper, but on paper under the water. It purports to have submarines act as if they were cruisers, yet when it comes to the point they are not so to act. Instead of visiting and searching neutral ships, they are to blow them up. Far from taking care to save the lives of the non-combatant crews and innocent passengers, they are to be sent to the bottom. How can a Government proposing such things possibly make a clear defence of them to reasonable human beings? "Necessity" cannot argue. It simply "fronts the world with invincible gesture"; and if it attempts to reason, only makes a bad matter worse. The German note falls into a whole series of contradictions on the subject of contraband of war. It complains of the large American sales to the Allies of arms and ammunition and military supplies, and wishes to know how Germany can be asked to "renounce her rights" to ascertain the presence of such contraband in neutral vessels. Nobody asks her to renounce her rights. Let her search our vessels, in the regular way, and seize all the contraband that she can discover. Every dollar's worth of contraband is shipped at the risk of capture. But the German note hopelessly confuses the stopping and search of ships by cruisers, and the incontinent blowing of them to bits by submarines. Because German cruisers do not or dare not venture out to capture munitions of war on the way to the enemy, therefore German submarines must be permitted to sink any vessel which they fancy may be carrying such things in her cargo! To this lamentable want of logic does a state of necessity drive the German Foreign Office.

Only a few words need be given to the complaints of the German note in regard to the American "traffic in arms." It admits that this is entirely lawful, but declares that Germany feels "severely prejudiced" by it. But this can be only because she has not command of the sea. She would buy here as freely as England and France, if only she had the power to get her purchases home. The attitude of our Government, as of our traders, is altogether impartial in the matter of military supplies. It is generally understood, in fact, that ships have sailed from our ports to take military supplies to the Karlsruhe and to the Kronprinz Wilhelm, still roaming the seas. There has never been any discrimination on our part. And hastily to change our neutrality laws, which allow the sale of arms and munitions to any belligerent, simply because Germany is cut off from the advantage which her enemies enjoy through control of the sea, and feels aggrieved thereby, would of itself be, as President Wilson stated last Thursday, an unneutral act. It certainly will not be done.

An alarmist view of the diplomatic interchange between the United States and Germany, with its resulting difference of view and its latent perils, need not be taken. It is at Great Britain, not at us, that Germany is making horrible faces. And it is still to be believed that the German threats are three-quarters empty. German popular opinion is apparently misled as to the physical power of Germany to carry out her menaces. Some time since the *Hamburger Nachrichten* gravely announced that Liverpool was "long ago blockaded by German mines." If so, Liverpool was blissfully unaware of it. Ships have come and gone as usual. Undoubtedly, German submarines may be able to work a good deal of havoc. But that they can do what is pretended by the German Admiralty, is unthinkable. It is also unthinkable that Germany would deliberately destroy American ships. The danger of an actual collision between the two nations is, in our opinion, slight. But it will not do to forget the sharp difference in the official positions taken. Our Government has said that it would hold Germany to "strict accountability." Germany replies that she will "disclaim all responsibility." But she cannot. However she may stand with England, in her relations to the United States she is under no such "necessity" as will warrant her in departing from the established rules of international law. That fact our Government has made very plain; and the attitude which it has assumed it can neither relax nor abandon.

BELATED WAR DOCUMENTS.

Little notice has been given to the letters, only now published, which passed between President Poincaré of France and King George of England on the very eve of the war. Their omission from the various official "Books" was really of slight consequence. The same might be said of the final telegram of the Czar to the Kaiser, which first came into print only a short time ago. It was not included in the collection of dispatches exchanged by the various monarchs which the German Government made public. As an afterthought, it was given out at Petrograd. The German explanation was that it had been left out of the Berlin "White Book" because it was thought to be of no importance. A similar opinion seems to be generally held of the appeal which M. Poincaré made, at the eleventh hour, to George V, and his reply. There was nothing vital in them, nothing which was not sufficiently covered in other official communications al-

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ready before the world; and the failure to issue them did not really signify.

A comment upon them in the Italian press is reported in the news, to the effect that if the plea of President Poincaré had been heeded, the war might have been averted. What is meant is that if Great Britain, on July 31 or August 1, had plainly notified Germany that she would join France and Russia, the German military party would have taken fright, at the last moment, and drawn back. This is improbable, though we admit that it is arguable. But all this must now be dismissed as of a piece with many other belated publications about the causes of the war, and about what might have been done to save the world from its terrors and miseries. Despite the present futility of such publications, they continue to come in the form of newspaper and magazine articles and books. Many people seem to have the notion that they have been carrying about in their bosoms secrets which, when they unlock them to the public, will explain everything and completely change the prevailing opinion about the responsibility for the war. One of the latest of these publications to come to our notice is a little volume issued by the Austrian Consul in Cleveland, Ohio, Ernest Ludwig, entitled "Austria-Hungary and the War" (New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company).

The book is written with every appearance of sincerity and good faith. It contains, moreover, no small amount of valuable information. On the whole subject of the relations between Austria and Servia, it is of general interest; and its account of the trial and testimony of the assassins who did the Archduke Ferdinand to death at Sarajevo is fuller than anything we have seen in English. Herr Ludwig frankly admits that he writes as a strong partisan, yet he hopes that the facts which he presents, and the argument with which he accompanies them, may "convince the American public," or, at least, make "some Americans yield" to the force of the case of Austria.

That Austria had a just grievance against Servia, there was no necessity of seeking to convince the American public. It was from the first freely conceded. Americans generally felt that Austria could do not less than make upon Servia certain demands for reparation. Herr Ludwig did not need to labor this. But it is another thing when we come to the actual terms of the ultimatum which went from Vienna to Belgrade, the terms of which seem to have been purposely made so humiliating and brutal as to render war inevitable. It is also a different thing when we ask why Servia's well-nigh complete acceptance of the demands made upon her was not considered sufficient, or at least entertained as a basis for peaceful negotiation and settlement. What did follow was an abrupt declaration of war. Why this step was taken, threatening as it was known to do at the time a conflagration throughout all Europe, the Austrian Consul does not clearly tell us. He does not go over the official dispatches covering those fateful days with anything like the close scrutiny and historical impartiality with which Guglielmo Ferrero has examined them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Yet nothing short of the most thorough re-inquiry into the whole body of evidence can now be of the slightest avail in altering the judgment at which the world has arrived. Herr Ludwig's plea for a reversal of this does credit to his patriotic impulses, but it cannot honestly be thought of as anything except in large part irrelevant, and as a whole quite inconclusive.

A PSYCHOLOGIST OF WAR.

With the beginning of the "ruthless" phase of the great war, more may be heard of Karl von Clausewitz, the greatest of German military writers. He is the spiritual father of nearly all later German theorists; of Moltke, who professed to work in the spirit of Clausewitz, though departing widely in practice; of Von der Goltz in the "Nation in Arms," and reorganizer of the Turkish armies; of Boguslawski; of Von Meckel, who taught the Japanese how to make war and to whom Marshal Oyama expressed his exultation and his thanks after the battle of Liao-Yang. If Clausewitz has been overlooked in the publishers' fine combing of aggressive German literature which has given us Bernhardi, Treitschke, and Nietzsche *ad nauseam*, it may be because of the general impression that Clausewitz was too scientific and technical for popular consumption. This is an error. Scientific this writer undoubtedly is, but he is marvellously free from the technicalities of the war trade, for one whose book has been the foundation for so much technical writing on the art of war. Primarily, Clausewitz is the psychologist of warfare, and such technical treatment as he enters into arises from psychologic principles. Philosopher as well as psychologist; for we find in Clausewitz a steady concern with Absolute War, the Ultimate of nations in strife.

The psychological basis of war is simple, according to Clausewitz:

> All war presupposes human weakness, and against that it is directed.
>
> The struggle between the spiritual and moral forces on both sides is the centre of all.
>
> Of all military virtues, Energy in the conduct of operations has always conduced most to glory and success of arms.

These aphorisms have sunk into the very marrow of German military thought. When Gen. Hindenburg said the other day that the campaign in the east was a test between German nerves and Russian nerves, and that the latter would break first, he was translating almost literally Clausewitz's "human weakness" against which the acts of war are directed. "Spiritual and moral forces" is precisely the same thing. Energy is the keynote sounded by German leaders of all ranks, and even the German civilian has caught the tone: to hack through, *Immer druff!* assault in solid formation; these are but variations on the same formula, *Durch!* "There can be no suspension in the military act," writes Clausewitz, "and peace cannot come until one or the other of the parties concerned is completely overthrown." True, that is Absolute War, the Idea of war as it exists in the Eternal Mind, as the Platonists would say. Unfortunately, admits Clausewitz, the ideal of war is seldom realized because of human imperfections: the loser cries quits before he is thoroughly beaten, the winner will yield to such human weaknesses as fatigue or commiseration and content himself with part of the fruits of victory. Still, there is the ideal.

From the fact that war is really a test of spiritual and moral forces, manifesting themselves in a ceaseless Energy, it follows that the physical cost of war hardly matters:

> Philanthropists may easily imagine that there is a skilful method of disarming and overcoming an adversary without causing great bloodshed. However plausible this may appear, it is an error which must be extirpated, for in such dangerous things as war the errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are precisely the worst. He who uses force unsparingly without reference to the quantity of bloodshed, *must* obtain a superiority if his adversary uses less vigor in its application—to introduce into the philosophy of war a principle of moderation would be an absurdity. We repeat therefore that war is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds.

It would be absurd to suppose that this principle of ruthless decision is peculiar to the German military mind. Its best-known application is found perhaps in Gen. Grant's determination to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. But the principle is

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more generally recognized, more frequently cited and acted up to, in the German army than elsewhere. More than forty years after Clausewitz wrote, his principle of thorough was applied by von Moltke in the early battles of the war with France. In that war arose the matter-of-fact phrase in official military communications which occurs so frequently to-day: "Our losses were not incommensurate with the importance of the results achieved." To make war terrible, as Clausewitz saw it, was to make peace desirable and war effective:

> Let me not hear of generals who have conquered without bloodshed. If a bloody slaughter be a horrible sight, then there is a reason for avoiding unnecessary war, but not for making the sword we wear blunt and blunter from feelings of humanity until some one steps in with a sword that is sharp and lops the arm from our body.

After something like ninety years this dogma is being repeated almost in the very words of the war philosopher.

There is, however, one important distinction to be made between the meaning Clausewitz gave to ruthlessness and the meaning it has taken on among German apologists of to-day. When the men of the present day argue that war is most merciful when it is most terrible, because it thereby hastens a decision, they think of war's terrible effects on the enemy. Such reasoning underlies Germany's defence of the ruthless repression visited upon the civilian population of Belgium caught bearing arms. Unquestionably, Clausewitz would have been of the same mind. But the ruthlessness he had in mind was primarily that visited by a commander upon his own troops; the bloodshed Clausewitz finds essential is the blood of his own troops poured out by an energetic leader for the attainment of victory. The transition from one conception to the other is a natural one. If you stand ready to pay a terrible price for victory, you will naturally refuse to take into consideration the cost to the enemy.

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS AND ENGLISH.

When the uttermost causes of the present war are recorded some day in the great Blue Book of history, a fair measure of responsibility will fall upon Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and their successors. Such a Blue Book will print copious extracts from the Russian novelists and copious extracts from the younger English novelists, and will show how the Anglo-Russian *entente* which made the present conflict possible had been encouraged, or at least accompanied, by a remarkable *rapprochement* between Russian fiction and the newest British schools. The influence of Dostoievsky, as the most typical representative of the Slav soul, upon the ideals and method of writers like Compton Mackenzie, W. B. Maxwell, J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, and half a dozen others, is unmistakable. It is an influence acknowledged. Imitation of the Russians is revealed not only in the way these younger men have gone in for the novel of psychology, or in their discovery of the "lower classes," or in their exploiting of the lower emotions, or in their extreme frankness. It is shown in a close modelling of character upon character, and almost of phrase upon phrase. One might take Mr. Gilbert Cannan's latest story, "Young Earnest" (Appleton), and point out people, situations, turns of expression, which are straight from Dostoievsky, though modified—and not infrequently misapplied—in accordance with the English temperament and the writer's special equipment. Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" has been for some time a sort of Bible to the circle of younger writers in England.

Unfortunately, there is evidence that the younger English novelists, in subjecting themselves to the influence of the Russians, have followed not only the masters but the third-rate men. Even the Russians can do fairly poor work at times. As an example there is the famous "Sanine," by Michael Artzibasheff, which appeared in Russia half a dozen years ago, and is now put forth in an English translation (B. W. Huebsch), with an introduction by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. The writer of the introduction admits that the book is an uncomfortable one. What he seems to overlook is that "Sanine" is uncomfortable in an utterly different way from "Crime and Punishment." The Russian novel has always been sincere, outspoken, and faithful to the complexities of life. "Sanine" is fearfully outspoken, and is probably sincere, but it is not a novel of life, but a novel with a purpose. It inculcates the ideal of the man who stands beyond good and evil with almost exclusive emphasis on the dogma that the aim of life is in the satisfaction of physical desire. "Sanine" has been explained as marking the reaction from the shattered hopes and ideals of the Russian revolution. Since altruism, self-sacrifice, had been proved a failure in the thousands of Russian youth who had gone to the gallows in vain, there must be a sharp swing towards egoism, self-indulgence in a very specific sense. In this sharp reaction from pole to pole the book is typically Russian. It is not typical in the lifelessness of its principal characters. For all his playing the Superman, Sanine is an abstraction and a good deal of a bore. He is utterly removed from the flesh and blood that crowd the pages of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Turgenieff.

Plainly, the writers of the English novel who would master the secret of the great Russians must study their "Bible" more carefully; though even then it is evident that they will assimilate the new teaching under the limitations of racial temperament and social tradition. The one lesson they should and may acquire is that the great Russians never worked by formula, even when they worked for a purpose. It is true that Turgenieff's novels have a social meaning in the sense that his successive stories chronicle the emergence of new types from changing social conditions. Only Turgenieff's characters are never "types," but intensely living men and women. It is true that Tolstoy in "Anna Karenina" is already the moralist, but his ethical purpose is quite submerged in the epic of life, the preacher is drowned in the artist. And so in Dostoievsky, that gospel of redemption through suffering, which comes nearest to being a formula, is always exemplified in men and women of an almost terrifying reality. It follows that the outspokenness of the Russian masters arises entirely out of an inner necessity, out of the need of depicting the truth. Their frankness may at times be excruciating, but it is never shocking. It proceeds from life and not from formula.

Whereas formula, in setting or in expression, is very prominent among the English imitators of the Russians, just as it is prominent in "Sanine" which is scarcely anything but imitation. It is prominent in the English writers who are apt to think that sincerity is that which shocks the bourgeois. Mr. Gilbert Cannan, for example, is realistic by formula and idyllic by formula. When realistic he is very, very realistic. On such occasions men and women "hunger for the possession" of each other, and their kisses are "bitter sweet." When idyllic, he is very idyllic, and men and women run hand in hand down sun-kissed slopes—pure spirit, in fact. Now, the great Russians are neither sultry by rule nor idyllic by rule; but they blend spirit and body, sin and ecstasy, into that single thing called life.

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Chronicle of the War

From the various accounts from Berlin and Petrograd, it is possible now to form some idea of the course of the fighting during the first two weeks of the month which resulted in a German victory necessitating the retirement of the Russian Tenth Army from East Prussia. The Grand Duke Nicholas, in his official dispatches, fully admits a defeat, and concedes the loss of virtually an entire army corps. Berlin asserts that the Russian defeat was still more complete, and that but little remains of the Tenth Army. According to the final reports from Berlin, 100,000 prisoners, including seven generals, have been taken, and 150 cannon, in addition to large stores of ammunition and a number of quick-firing guns. If we accept the German version, it would indicate a defeat that in any previous war would have been an almost overwhelming disaster. In this war writers in Petrograd are justified in pointing out that it is nothing of the kind. The loss of men, which would be serious had it happened to any of the other Allies or to Germany, to Russia is the least important aspect of the matter. Far more serious is the loss of heavy guns and of stores and ammunition.

At the beginning of the month the Russian army in East Prussia extended along a front from a point north of Tilsit to a point east of Gumbinnen. Thence it followed the Angerapp River to the region of the Mazurian Lakes, crossing the southern frontier of East Prussia near Johannisburg, and extending through Mlawa and Sierpec, in Poland, to the Vistula near Wloclawek. On the last day of January Gen. von Mackensen began his furious and costly onslaught on the Russian lines in front of Warsaw, along the Bzura River, and kept hammering away on this front for a week. That this attack was, as we suggested at the time, in part a masking movement designed to cover a redistribution of troops, and to keep the Russian forces fully occupied, seems to have received confirmation from events in East Prussia. Simultaneously with Gen. von Mackensen's onslaught at the Bzura River, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg was concentrating large forces in West Prussia, consisting mainly of fresh troops, brought up from the interior, but also of troops drawn from the west and from the Polish front. The Russians learned of these movements on February 1, but even then apparently underestimated the strength of the new concentration. Making good use of the network of strategic railways in Prussia, von Hindenburg was able to bring up large forces in the north on the front between Tilsit and Insterburg, and to the south between Horzele and Johannisburg, before the Russians, having no advantages in the way of railways, could rush reinforcements to the Tenth Army in East Prussia.

The action proper seems to have begun on February 7. The Russian army, unable to obtain supports, was ordered to retire from East Prussia towards the frontier. The rapid advance of the strong German column on the north, however, driving into the gap between the Niemen and the Inster, threatened to envelop the army corps that held the right wing of the Russian army, compelling it to attempt a swift turning movement in the direction of Kovno. The flank of the right wing was thus exposed to the German attack. German cavalry appear to have got round the left of this army corps, and, by destroying the bridge over the Szeszuppe at Pilwiski, to have cut off its retreat. According to the Russian official admission, virtually the entire army corps was annihilated or made prisoner. Meanwhile a similar attempt to envelop the left wing of the Tenth Army seems to have been defeated by a determined stand on the part of the Russians on the Lyck River, between Lyck and Grajevo. This is doubtless the stand alluded to in the Russian official statement, which says that "the left wing of the Tenth Army held the enemy for nine days on lines which ordinarily are traversed in four days," and whatever numbers of the Tenth Army succeeded in extricating themselves would appear to owe their salvation to the resistance of the left wing.

Only subsequent events will explain the discrepancies between the Russian and the German accounts of this fighting, and decide which approximates more nearly to the facts. To do them justice, both Petrograd and Berlin have usually been fairly truthful in the past in recording events of this nature. But, if the German account is to be accepted as accurate, we must credit Russia not only with considerable reserves, which we know she has, but with astonishing dispatch in making effective distribution of them, and with no less astonishing powers of recuperation. The German advance appears for the past week to have been definitely halted, and the threat upon Kovno and Grodno, doubtless with a view to cutting the railway communication with Warsaw, to have come to nothing. The Russians are holding successfully the strong defensive line, Kovno-Grodno-Lomza-Novo-Georgievsk. Here, we may assume, they will be able to stand indefinitely, and there is at least a good prospect that they may initiate a successful counter-offensive, as they did after the defeat of Tannenberg in August last year. In that they will be assisted by the approach of spring. The German lines on the Polish side of the East Prussian border are in a district of marsh and lake. At a distance from their base, and without the advantage of strategic railways, a sudden breaking of the weather might be expected to make their position precarious, their retreat extremely difficult.

In view of the disastrous result of this second Russian aggression into East Prussia, the puzzling thing at first sight is to explain why the adventure that ended so unfortunately at the beginning of the war was repeated. Like the first incursion, it was not a serious invasion, for it was not in sufficient strength. In November the Russians were occupying a line some twenty miles within the Prussian frontier, and for a space of nearly two months the official dispatches were silent as to their doings. They were never seriously reinforced, and it was only recently that they began to creep forward. The object of the expedition seems to have been, first, to straighten out the entire Russian line, and, secondly, by steady, though not particularly severe, pressure in East Prussia, to keep occupied German troops that might otherwise have been transferred to the Bzura or the Galician fronts.

Foreign Correspondence

THE PARLIAMENTARY TRUCE—HELIGOLAND—GLADSTONE AND BISMARCK—LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. ASQUITH.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, February 6.

Resumption of the sitting of Parliament has set the seal to renewal of the truce between political parties established at the outbreak of the war. To this end the Prime Minister contributed by assurance that the Government would introduce during continuance of the war no legislation of a party or contentious character. There are two such measures in existence, remnants of procedure previous to the launching of the thunderbolt of declaration of war. One is a bill for amending the Home Rule act, the other the final stage of the Abolition of Plural Voting bill. For the former Ministers have no special responsibility or particular liking. Content with the provisions of the Home Rule bill, they were naturally inclined to leave them undisturbed on the statute book. The amending bill was a sop designed to mollify Ulster. If the Opposition is disposed to regard it as a contentious measure, it will be set aside without expostulation or regret.

It is different with the Abolition of Plural Voting bill. This is a measure dear to the heart of Liberal candidates who have long suffered the disadvantage of seeing a constituency they wooed with every appearance of acceptance swamped by a flood of outsiders. I have personal knowledge of the fact that so recently as the week before the reassembling of Parliament the Cabinet was resolved to carry out its avowed intention of adding the bill to the statute book in time to be operative at the coming general election. When I talked with a Cabinet Minister about the probable duration of Parliament, he mentioned as a reason why dissolution should be deferred beyond the month of June that under the Parliament act the Plural Voting bill could not before that date be presented for the third and last time to the House of Lords. On further consideration Ministers have admitted the expediency in the interests of peace of temporarily sacrificing their ewe lamb. They do this with less regret since delay is only temporary. Mr. Asquith was at pains to make it clear that the concession is strictly limited to the duration of the war. Should peace be reëstablished within limit of the statutory life of the present Parliament, relations of political parties in Parliament will resume their old footing, and the first fruit of altered conditions will be the enactment of the Plural Voting bill. If not, the work will be taken in hand afresh in a succeeding Parliament following upon a contested general election at which, in spite of the plural voter, a Government to whose credit stands the splendid administration of the war will inevitably be reinstated in power.

This provocative point disposed of, the leaders of the Opposition are finally committed to the patriotic course of unreservedly supporting the Government through a time of national peril. Lord Lansdowne, back in the House of Lords in reëstablished health, marked his resumption of the leadership by a speech happily differing from the carping tone of Lord Curzon's goodfellowship. The only note of

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discord came from a small group on the Ministerial side of the House of Commons clamorous for the privileges of private members snuffed out for this session under the emergency of war. It has through the week been made incontestably clear that in its tremendous task the Government will not only be unhampered by party faction, but will be strengthened by the consciousness that it is in an unusual degree representative of a united nation.

The first (and last) time I saw Heligoland, the island fortress that plays so important a part to-day in the scheme of German naval policy, was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. We were homeward bound from Kiel in the historic voyage of the Tantallon Castle, which had conveyed a large number of Sir Donald Currie's guests to witness the ceremony of the opening of the canal. Among them was Mr. Gladstone. In addition to his state cabin, he had assigned to him one on deck, which he used as a study. As the Tantallon came close to Heligoland, he had not yet quitted his books, which prominently included a dictionary of the Danish language, familiarity with which he proposed to acquire during our brief trip. Before the island again became as a cloud on the horizon, he left his cabin and leaning on the bulwark had a long look at this rock in the lonely sea which, while he was still Premier, was a thread of the tiniest embroidery on the skirt of the British Empire. He did not make any remark. But one could not help thinking he was reflecting on what the patriotic party at home would have said had it been he, not Lord Salisbury, who had bartered away to Bismarck this priceless foothold for a mess of pottage in East Africa.

The acquisition of Heligoland was an essential part of the far-reaching preparation for the war to-day raging in Europe. It was a necessary preliminary to the creation of the Kiel Canal, which joins the Baltic to the North Sea. The whole organization of German coast defence is built up round the impregnability of the island upon which, since Mr. Gladstone looked upon it on a June day dead these twenty years, millions of marks have been spent. Lacking Heligoland, the torpedo patrol of the German coast would no longer be possible. Nor might the German fleet snugly hide itself from the British ships, which the German press and professors jeer at as being "afraid to fight." Heligoland, once a favorite bathing resort for holiday-making Germans, is now an impregnable fortress, honeycombed with subterraneous passages, roofed with a bomb-proof plateau. Had Lord Salisbury lived to see this day, his appreciation of the resources of the wily German Chancellor, somewhat niggardly expressed when they were contemporaneous, would have been enhanced. Bismarck did many smart things during his diplomatic career. It would be hard even for him to beat the artless capture of Heligoland.

At the time of the opening of the Kiel Canal, the young Kaiser had "Dropped the Pilot." Bismarck had retired to his country house at Friedrichsruh, where he nursed his wrath to keep it warm. He must have chuckled when he read in the newspapers accounts of representative Englishmen of high estate flocking to the ceremony of the opening of a waterway planned to facilitate the secretly harbored war designs of the Junker party. It was in its way a sort of friendly visit by the unsuspecting fly to the parlor of the farseeing spider.

Friedrichsruh is within measurable distance of Hamburg, where the Tantallon Castle put in. It occurred to Sir Donald Currie, who had a touch of Mr. Barnum's aptitude for side shows, that here was a good opportunity for Bismarck and Gladstone to meet each other. Throughout their long careers, filling the most prominent places in the statesmanship of Europe, they had occasionally come into communication upon grave state matters. But they had never seen each other face to face. A meeting when, the long task of each accomplished, they had retired from active life would certainly have been an interesting event. Sir Donald, accompanied by the late Lord Bendel and one or two other guests, called upon the Chancellor. He was not at home, so they had no opportunity of carrying out Sir Donald's little plot. Mr. Gladstone was exceedingly angry when a day or two later he accidentally came to hear of it.

WESTMINSTER, February 13.

Throughout the week the debate in the House of Commons, chiefly confined to the affairs of the army, has been marked by studious abstention by the Opposition benches from any criticism calculated to hamper the Government in the task of carrying on the war. But there has been plain speaking on at least two topics. One is the extraordinary interruption of Sir John French's narrative of the campaign in Flanders. His last published dispatch brings the story down to the end of November, and there, like the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower, unfinished it remains. Lord Derby, a man not given to idle gossip, stated without contradiction in the House of Lords that the dispatches had been duly written and had for some time been in possession of the War Office. The stereotyped explanation given of this and other War Office manœuvres, reminiscent of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand, is that earlier publication would be detrimental to public service by giving information to the enemy. Considering that they took part in actions fought last December, events that would in part form the subject of Sir John French's report, commendable caution seems to be extended beyond the verge of absurdity.

The other matter that has supplied the House of Commons with justifiable ground for criticism concerns the hutting of the recruits. A few weeks ago report was made in this column of personal observation of certain facts existing in a crowded camp near the southern coast. In a range of wooden huts built to accommodate five hundred men I found on inspection that they were uninhabitable owing to the use of unseasoned material and the scamping of work in order to avoid expenditure by the contractor. Rain poured in through the roof and was blown through the interstices of laths of wood composing the wall, overlapping by not more than half an inch. It followed that the beds of the hapless recruits were soaked and the floors flooded. After this misery had been endured for a fortnight, during which it incessantly rained, the huts were condemned, and the recruits, many of them suffering from various forms of serious colds, were billeted upon the inhabitants of a small neighboring town.

The reality of the truce established between the political parties is illustrated by the fact that several bye-elections taking place just now are settled without the arbitrament of a contest. This is particularly fortunate for the Government, which in respect to somewhat considerable change in Ministry, does not run the risk of awkward defeat. It was not always thus. When in 1880 Gladstone came back to Parliament on the crest of a wave of popular enthusiasm, Sir William Harcourt, appointed Home Secretary in the new Government, was rejected on presenting himself for reëlection by the constituency of Oxford. An awkward situation was circumvented by the retirement of a loyal Liberal from the representation of Derby which obediently returned the Home Secretary, the retiring member, by an odd coincidence, being made a baronet.

A later instance, one of many, is forthcoming in the position of Mr. Masterman, who, rejected by his own constituency when, a year ago, he was deservedly promoted to the Cabinet position of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has not since been able to find a seat, and accordingly temporarily retires from Ministerial office. The statute requiring a newly appointed Minister accepting an office of profit under the Crown to submit himself to the sanction of his constituents is a relic of old times which were better buried. During the Premiership of Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour, then leading the Opposition, intimated his readiness to concur in a bill abolishing the archaic statute. For some reason the offer was not adopted. Hence Mr. Masterman's tears.

A pretty story attaches to one of the appointments to the Ministry consequent on its reconstruction. Mr. Neil Primrose, second son of Lord Rosebery, has gone to the Foreign Office as Under Secretary, his chief being Sir Edward Grey. Twenty-three years ago Lord Rosebery was, for the second time, Foreign Secretary with Sir Edward Grey as his junior. It is not often the whirligig of time brings round coincidences so personally interesting. The opportunity of bringing young Primrose into the Ministerial ranks in the most distinguished of Under-Secretaryships must have given Mr. Asquith exceptional pleasure. Ten years ago, when the accumulated errors and maladministration of the Unionist Government presaged its fall, Lord Rosebery loomed large on the political horizon as a possible Premier in succession to Mr. Balfour. Save for his peerage, an insuperable bar to the Radical section, he would undoubtedly have been chosen. As things stood, Campbell-Bannerman was elected, and though he would have gladly availed himself of Lord Rosebery's colleagueship at the Foreign Office, such arrangement was obviously impossible with one who had himself been First Minister of the Crown.

Lord Rosebery accordingly stood aside, a decision which, as things have turned out, marked the final close of his official connection with the Liberal party. But though he did not himself enter the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, he was powerfully represented in it by personal adherents, notably Mr. Asquith and Lord (then Mr.) Haldane. At the outset it was apprehended that here was the making of a formidable embarrassing cabal. Gradually C.-B.'s personal influence overcame other proclivities, and those who were known at the time as "Rosebery's young men" became his most loyal supporters. And now Mr. Asquith recalls ancient friendship by making his former leader's son a member of the Government.

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Democracy Versus the Melting-Pot

A STUDY OF AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

By HORACE M. KALLEN.

PART TWO.

V.

The array of forces for and against that like-mindedness which is the stuff and essence of nationality aligns itself as follows: For it make social imitation of the upper by the lower classes, the facility of communications, the national pastimes of baseball and motion-picture, the mobility of population, the cheapness of printing, and the public schools. Against it make the primary ethnic differences with which the population starts, its stratification over an enormous extent of country, its industrial and economic stratification. We are an English-speaking country, but in no intimate and inevitable way, as is New Zealand or Australia, or even Canada. English is to us what Latin was to the Roman provinces and to the middle ages—the language of the upper and dominant class, the vehicle and symbol of culture: for the mass of our population it is a sort of Esperanto or Ido, a *lingua franca* necessary less in the spiritual than the economic contacts of the daily life. This mass is composed of elementals, peasants—Mr. Ross speaks of their menacing American life with "peasantism"—the proletarian foundation material of all forms of civilization. Their self-consciousness as groups is comparatively weak. This is a factor which favors their "assimilation," for the more cultivated a group is, the more it is aware of its individuality, and the less willing it is to surrender that individuality. One need think only of the Puritans themselves, leaving Holland for fear of absorption into the Dutch population; of the Creoles and Pennsylvania Germans of this country, or of the Jews, anywhere. In his judgment of the assimilability of various stocks Mr. Ross neglects this important point altogether, probably because his attention is fixed on existing contrasts rather than potential similarities. Peasants, however, having nothing much to surrender in taking over a new culture, feel no necessary break, and find the transition easy. It is the shock of confrontation with other ethnic groups and the feeling of aliency that generates in them an intenser self-consciousness, which then militates against Americanization in spirit by reinforcing the two factors to which the spiritual expression of the proletarian has been largely confined. These factors are language and religion. Religion is, of course, no more a "universal" than language. The history of Christianity makes evident enough how religion is modified, even inverted, by race, place, and time. It becomes a principle of separation, often the sole repository of the national spirit, almost always the conservator of the national language and of the tradition that is passed on with the language to succeeding generations. Among immigrants, hence, religion and language tend to be coordinate: a single expression of the spontaneous and instinctive mental life of the masses, and the primary inward factors making against assimilation. Mr. Ross, I note, tends to grow shrill over the competition of the parochial school with the public school, at the same time that he belittles the fact "that on Sundays Norwegian is preached in more churches in America than in Norway."

And Mr. Ross's anxiety would, I think, be more than justified were it not that religion in these cases always does more than it intends. For it conserves the inward aspect of nationality rather than mere religion, and tends to become the centre of exfoliation of a higher type of personality among the peasants in the natural terms of their own *natio*. This *natio*, reaching consciousness first in a reaction against America, then as an effect of the competition with Americanization, assumes spiritual forms other than religious: the parochial school, to hold its own with the public school, gets secularized while remaining national. *Natio* is what underlies the vehemence of the "Americanized" and the spiritual and political unrest of the Americans. It is the fundamental fact of American life to-day, and in the light of it Mr. Wilson's resentment of the "hyphenated" American is both righteous and pathetic. But a hyphen attaches, in things of the spirit, also to the "pure" English American. His cultural mastery tends to be retrospective rather than prospective. At the present time there is no dominant American mind. Our spirit is inarticulate, not a voice, but a chorus of many voices each singing a rather different tune. How to get order out of this cacophony is the question for all those who are concerned about those things which alone justify wealth and power, concerned about justice, the arts, literature, philosophy, science. What must, what *shall* this cacophony become—a unison or a harmony?

For decidedly the older America, whose voice and whose spirit was New England, is gone beyond recall. Americans still are the artists and thinkers of the land, but they work, each for himself, without common vision or ideals. The older tradition has passed from a life into a memory, and the newer one, so far as it has an Anglo-Saxon base, is holding its own beside more and more formidable rivals, the expression in appropriate form of the national inheritances of the various populations concentrated in the various States of the Union, populations of whom their national self-consciousness is perhaps the chief spiritual asset. Think of the Creoles in the South and the French-Canadians in the North, clinging to French for so many generations and maintaining, however weakly, spiritual and social contacts with the mother-country; of the Germans, with their *Deutschthum*, their *Männerchöre*, *Turnvereine*, and *Schützenfeste;* of the universally separate Jews; of the intensely nationalistic Irish; of the Pennsylvania Germans; of the indomitable Poles, and even more indomitable Bohemians; of the 30,000 Belgians in Wisconsin, with their "Belgian" language, a mixture of Walloon and Flemish welded by reaction to a strange social environment. Except in such cases as the town of Lead, South Dakota, the great ethnic groups of proletarians, thrown upon themselves in a new environment, generate from among themselves the other social classes which Mr. Ross misses so sadly among them: their shopkeepers, their physicians, their attorneys, their journalists, and their national and political leaders, who form the links between them and the greater American society. They develop their own literature, or become conscious of that of the mother-country. As they grow more prosperous and "Americanized," as they become freed from the stigma of "foreigner," they develop group self-respect: the "wop" changes into a proud Italian, the "hunky" into an intensely nationalist Slav. They learn, or they recall, the spiritual heritage of their nationality. Their cultural abjectness gives way to cultural pride and the public schools, the libraries, and the clubs become beset with demands for texts in the national language and literature.

The Poles are an instance worth dwelling upon. Mr. Ross's summary of them is as striking as it is premonitory. There are over a million of them in the country, a backward people, prolific, brutal, priest-ridden—a menace to American institutions. Yet the urge that carries them in such numbers to America is not unlike that which carried the Pilgrim Fathers. Next to the Jews, whom their brethren in their Polish home are hounding to death, the unhappiest people in Europe, exploited by both their own upper classes and the Russian conqueror, they have resisted extinction at a great cost. They have clung to their religion because it was a mark of difference between them and their conquerors; because they love liberty, they have made their language of literary importance in Europe. Their aspiration, impersonal, disinterested, as it must be in America, to free Poland, to conserve the Polish spirit, is the most hopeful and American thing about them—the one thing that stands actually between them and brutalization through complete economic degradation. It lifts them higher than anything that, in fact, America offers them. The same thing is true for the Bohemians, 17,000 of them, workingmen in Chicago, paying a proportion of their wage to maintain schools in the Bohemian tongue and free thought; the same thing is true of many other groups.

How true it is may be observed from a comparison of the vernacular dailies and weeklies with the yellow American press which is concocted expressly for the great American masses. The content of the former, when the local news is deducted, is a mass of information, political, social, scientific; often translations into the vernacular of standard English writing, often original work of high literary quality. The latter, when the news is deducted, consists of the

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sporting page and the editorial page. Both pander rather than awaken, so that it is no wonder that in fact the intellectual and spiritual pabulum of the great masses consists of the vernacular papers in the national tongue. With them go also the vernacular drama, and the thousand and one other phenomena which make a distinctive culture, the outward expression of that fundamental like-mindedness wherein men are truly "free and equal." This, beginning for the dumb peasant masses in language and religion, emerges in the other forms of life and art and tends to make smaller or larger ethnic groups autonomous, self-sufficient, and reacting as spiritual units to the residuum of America.

What is the cultural outcome likely to be, under these conditions? Surely not the melting-pot. Rather something that has become more and more distinct in the changing State and city life of the last two decades, and which is most articulate and apparent among just those peoples whom Mr. Ross praises most—the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Irish, the Jews.

It is in the area where Scandinavians are most concentrated that Norwegian is preached on Sunday in more churches than in Norway. That area is Minnesota, not unlike Scandinavia in climate and character. There, if the newspapers are to be trusted, the "foreign language" taught in an increasingly larger number of high schools is Scandinavian. The Constitution of the State resembles in many respects the famous Norwegian Constitution of 1813. The largest city has been chosen as the "spiritual capital," if I may say so, the seat of the Scandinavian "house of life," which the Scandinavian Society in America is reported to be planning to build as a centre from which there is to spread through the land Scandinavian culture and ideals.

The eastern neighbor of Minnesota is Wisconsin, a region of great concentration of Germans. Is it merely a political accident that the centralization of State authority and control has been possible there to a degree heretofore unknown in this country? That the Socialist organization is the most powerful in the land, able under ordinary conditions to have elected the Mayor of a large city and a Congressman, and kept out of power only by coalition of the other parties? That German is the overwhelmingly predominant "foreign language" in the public schools and in the university? Or that the fragrance of *Deutschthum* pervades the life of the whole State? The earliest German immigrants to America were group conscious to a high degree. They brought with them a cultural tradition and political aspiration. They wanted to found a State. If a State is to be regarded as a mode of life of the mind, they have succeeded. Their language is the predominant "foreign" one throughout the Middle West. The teaching of it is required by law in many places, southern Ohio and Indianapolis, for example. Their national institutions, even to cooking, are as widespread as they are. They are organized into a great national society, the German-American Alliance, which is dedicated to the advancement of German culture and ideals. They encourage and make possible a close and more intimate contact with the fatherland. They endow Germanic museums, they encourage and provide for exchange professorships, erect monuments to German heroes, and disseminate translations of the German classics. And there are, of course, the very excellent German vernacular press, the German theatre, the German club, the German organization of life.

Similar are the Irish, living in strength in Massachusetts and New York. When they began to come to this country they were far less well off and far more passionately self-conscious than the Germans. For numbers of them America was and has remained just a centre from which to plot for the freedom of Ireland. For most it was an opportunity to escape both exploitation and starvation. The way they made was made against both race and religious prejudice: in the course of it they lost much that was attractive as well as much that was unpleasant. But Americanization brought the mass of them also spiritual self-respect, and their growing prosperity both here and in Ireland is what lies behind the more inward phases of Irish Nationalism—the Gaelic movement, the Irish theatre, the Irish Art Society. I omit consideration of such organized bodies as the Ancient Order of Hibernians. All these movements alike indicate the conversion of the negative nationalism of the hatred of England to the positive nationalism of the loving care and development of the cultural values of the Celtic spirit. A significant phase of it is the voting of Irish history into the curriculum of the high schools of Boston. In sum, once the Irish body had been fed and erected, the Irish mind demanded and generated its own peculiar form of self-realization and satisfaction.

And, finally, the Jews. Their attitude towards America is different in a fundamental respect from that of other immigrant nationalities. They do not come to the United States from truly native lands, lands of their proper *natio* and culture. They come from lands of sojourn, where they have been for ages treated as foreigners, at most as semi-citizens, subject to disabilities and persecutions. They come with no political aspirations against the peace of other states such as move the Irish, the Poles, the Bohemians. They come with the intention to be completely incorporated into the body-politic of the state. They alone, as Mr. H. G. Wells notes, of all the immigrant peoples have made spontaneously conscious and organized efforts to prepare themselves and their brethren for the responsibilities of American citizenship. There is hardly a considerable municipality in the land, where Jews inhabit, that has not its Hebrew Institute, or its Educational Alliance, or its Young Men's Hebrew Association, or its Community House, especially dedicated to this task. They show the highest percentage of naturalization, according to Mr. Ross's tables, and he concedes that they have benefited politics. Yet of all self-conscious peoples they are the most self-conscious. Of all immigrants they have the oldest civilized tradition, they are longest accustomed to living under law, and are at the outset the most eager and the most successful in eliminating the external differences between themselves and their social environment. Even their religion is flexible and accommodating, as that of the Christian sectaries is not, for change involves no change in doctrine, only in mode of life.

Yet, once the wolf is driven from the door and the Jewish immigrant takes his place in our society a free man and an American, he tends to become all the more a Jew. The cultural unity of his race, history, and background is only continued by the new life under the new conditions. Mr. H. G. Wells calls the Jewish quarter in New York a city within a city, and with more justice than other quarters because, although it is far more in tune with Americanism than the other quarters, it is also far more autonomous in spirit and self-conscious in culture. It has its sectaries, its radicals, its artists, its literati; its press, its literature, its theatre, its Yiddish and its Hebrew, its Talmudical colleges and its Hebrew schools, its charities and its vanities, and its coördinating organization, the Kehilla, all more or less duplicated wherever Jews congregate in mass. Here not religion alone, but the whole world of radical thinking, carries the mother-tongue and the father-tongue, with all that they imply. Unlike the parochial schools, their separate schools, being national, do not displace the public schools; they supplement the public schools. The Jewish ardor for pure learning is notorious. And, again, as was the case with the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Irish, democracy applied to education has given the Jews their will that Hebrew shall be coördinate with French and German in the regent's examination. On a national scale of organization there is the American Jewish Committee, the Jewish Historical Society, the Jewish Publication Society. Rurally, there is the model Association of Jewish Farmers, with their coöperative organization for agriculture and for agricultural education. In sum, the most eagerly American of the immigrant groups are also the most autonomous and self-conscious in spirit and culture.

VI.

Immigrants appear to pass through four phases in the course of being Americanized. In the first phase they exhibit economic eagerness, the greed of the unfed. Since external differences are a handicap in the economic struggle, they "assimilate," seeking thus to facilitate the attainment of economic independence. Once the proletarian level of such independence is reached, the process of assimilation slows down and tends to come to a stop. The immigrant group is still a national group, modified, sometimes improved, by environmental in-

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fluences, but otherwise a solitary spiritual unit, which is seeking to find its way out on its own social level. This search brings to light permanent group distinctions, and the immigrant, like the Anglo-Saxon American, is thrown back upon himself and his ancestry. Then a process of dissimilation begins. The arts, life, and ideals of the nationality become central and paramount; ethnic and national differences change in status from disadvantages to distinctions. All the while the immigrant has been using the English language and behaving like an American in matters economic and political, and continues to do so. The institutions of the Republic have become the liberating cause and the background for the rise of the cultural consciousness and social autonomy of the immigrant Irishman, German, Scandinavian, Jew, Pole, or Bohemian. On the whole, Americanization has not repressed nationality. Americanization has liberated nationality.

Hence, what troubles Mr. Ross and so many other Anglo-Saxon Americans is not really inequality; what troubles them is *difference*. Only things that are alike in fact and not abstractly, and only men that are alike in origin and in spirit and not abstractly, can be truly "equal" and maintain that inward unanimity of action and outlook which make a national life. The writers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution were not confronted by the practical fact of ethnic dissimilarity among the whites of the country. Their descendants are confronted by it. Its existence, acceptance, and development provide one of the inevitable consequences of the democratic principle on which our theory of government is based, and the result at the present writing is to many worthies very unpleasant. Democratism and the Federal principle have worked together with economic greed and ethnic snobbishness to people the land with all the nationalities of Europe, and to convert the early American nation into the present American state. For in effect we are in the process of becoming a true federal state, such a state as men hope for as the outcome of the European war, a great republic consisting of a federation or commonwealth of nationalities.

Given, in the economic order, the principle of *laissez-faire* applied to a capitalistic society, in contrast with the manorial and guild systems of the past and the Socialist utopias of the future, the economic consequences are the same, whether in America, full of all Europe, or in England, full of the English, Scotch, and Welsh. Given, in the political order, the principle that all men are equal and that each, consequently, under the law at least, shall have the opportunity to make the most of himself, the control of the machinery of government by the plutocracy is a foregone conclusion. *Laissez-faire* and unprecedentedly bountiful natural resources have turned the mind of the state to wealth alone, and in the haste to accumulate wealth considerations of human quality have been neglected and forgotten, the action of government has been remedial rather than constructive, and Mr. Ross's "peasantism," *i. e.*, the growth of an expropriated, degraded industrial class, dependent on the factory rather than on land, has been rapid and vexatious.

The problems which these conditions give rise to are important, but not primarily important. Although they have occupied the minds of all our political theorists, they are problems of means, of instruments, not of ends. They concern the conditions of life, not the *kind of life*, and there appears to have been a general assumption that only one kind of human life is possible in America. But the same democracy which underlies the evils of the economic order underlies also the evils—and the promise—of the ethnic order. Because no individual is merely an individual, the political autonomy of the individual has meant and is beginning to realize in these United States the spiritual autonomy of his group. The process is as yet far from fruition. We are, in fact, at the parting of the ways. A genuine social alternative is before us, either of which parts we may realize if we will. In social construction the will is father to the fact, for the fact is nothing more than the concord or conflict of wills. What do we *will* to make of the United States—a unison, singing the old Anglo-Saxon theme "America," the America of the New England school, or a harmony, in which that theme shall be dominant, perhaps, among others, but one among many, not the only one?

The mind reverts helplessly to the historic attempts at unison in Europe—the heroic failure of the pan-Hellenists, of the Romans, the disintegration and the diversification of the Christian Church, for a time the most successful unison in history; the present-day failures of Germany and of Russia. Here, however, the whole social situation is favorable, as it has never been at any time elsewhere—everything is favorable but the basic law of America itself, and the spirit of American institutions. To achieve unison—it can be achieved—would be to violate these. For the end determines the means, and this end would involve no other means than those used by Germany in Poland, in Schleswig-Holstein, and Alsace-Lorraine; by Russia in the Pale, in Poland, in Finland. Fundamentally it would require the complete nationalization of education, the abolition of every form of parochial and private school, the abolition of instruction in other tongues than English, and the concentration of the teaching of history and literature upon the English tradition. The other institutions of society would require treatment analogous to that administered by Germany to her European acquisitions. And all of this, even if meeting with no resistance, would not completely guarantee the survival as a unison of the older Americanism. For the programme would be applied to diverse ethnic types, and the reconstruction that, with the best will, they might spontaneously make of the tradition would more likely than not be a far cry from the original. It is, already.

The notion that the programme might be realized by radical and even enforced miscegenation, by the creation of the melting-pot by law, and thus by the development of the new "American race," is, as Mr. Ross points out, as mystically optimistic as it is ignorant. In historic times, so far as we know, no new ethnic types have originated, and what we know of breeding gives us no assurance of the disappearance of the old types in favor of the new, only the addition of a new type, if it succeeds in surviving, to the already existing older ones. Biologically, life does not unify; biologically, life diversifies; and it is sheer ignorance to apply social analogies to biological processes. In any event, we know what the qualities and capacities of existing types are; we know how by education to do something towards the repression of what is evil in them and the conservation of what is good. The "American race" is a totally unknown thing; to presume that it will be better because (if we like to persist in the illusion that it is coming) it will be later, is no different from imagining that, because contemporary, Russia is better than ancient Greece. There is nothing more to be said to the pious stupidity that identifies recency with goodness. The unison to be achieved cannot be a unison of ethnic types. It must be, if it is to be at all, a unison of social and historic interests, established by the complete cutting-off of the ancestral memories of our populations, the enforced, exclusive use of the English language and English and American history in the schools and in the daily life.

The attainment of the other alternative, a harmony, also requires concerted public action. But the action would do no violence to our fundamental law and the spirit of our institutions, nor to the qualities of men. It would seek simply to eliminate the waste and the stupidity of our social organization, by way of freeing and strengthening the strong forces actually in operation. Starting with our existing ethnic and cultural groups, it would seek to provide conditions under which each may attain the perfection that is proper to its kind. The provision of such conditions is the primary intent of our fundamental law and the function of our institutions. And the various nationalities which compose our commonwealth must learn first of all this fact, which is perhaps, to most minds, the outstanding ideal content of "Americanism"—that democracy means self-realization through self-control, self-government, and that one is impossible without the other. For the application of this principle, which is realized in a harmony of societies, there are European analogies also. I omit Austria and Turkey, for the union of nationalities is there based more on inadequate force than on consent, and the form of their organization is alien to ours. I think of England and of Switzerland. England is a state of

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four nationalities — the English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish (if one considers the Empire, of many more), and while English history is not unmarred by attempts at unison, both the home policy and the imperial policy have, since the Boer War, been realized more and more in the application of the principle of harmony: the strength of the kingdom and the empire have been posited more and more upon the voluntary and autonomous coöperation of the component nationalities. Switzerland is a state of three nationalities, a republic as the United States is, far more democratically governed, concentrated in an area not much different in size, I suspect, from New York city, with a population not far from it in total. Yet Switzerland has the most loyal citizens in Europe. Their language, literary and spiritual traditions are on the one side German, on another Italian, on a third side French. And in terms of social organization, of economic prosperity, of public education, of the general level of culture, Switzerland is the most successful democracy in the world. It conserves and encourages individuality.

The reason lies, I think, in the fact that in Switzerland the conception of "natural rights" operates, consciously or unconsciously, as a generalization from the unalterable data of human nature. What is inalienable in the life of mankind is its intrinsic positive quality—its psychophysical inheritance. Men may change their clothes, their politics, their wives, their religions, their philosophies, to a greater or lesser extent: they cannot change their grandfathers. Jews or Poles or Anglo-Saxons, in order to cease being Jews or Poles or Anglo-Saxons, would have to cease to be. The selfhood which is inalienable in them, and for the realization of which they require "inalienable" liberty, is ancestrally determined, and the happiness which they pursue has its form implied in ancestral endowment. This is what, actually, democracy in operation assumes. There are human capacities which it is the function of the state to liberate and to protect; and the failure of the state as a government means its abolition. Government, the state, under the democratic conception, is merely an instrument, not an end. That it is often an abused instrument, that it is often seized by the powers that prey, that it makes frequent mistakes and considers only secondary ends, surface needs, which vary from moment to moment, is, of course, obvious: hence our social and political chaos. But that it is an instrument, flexibly adjustable to changing life, changing opinion, and needs, our whole electoral organization and party system declare. And as intelligence and wisdom prevail over "politics" and special interests, as the steady and continuous pressure of the inalienable qualities and purposes of human groups more and more dominate the confusion of our common life, the outlines of a possible great and truly democratic commonwealth become discernible.

Its form is that of the Federal republic; its substance a democracy of nationalities, cooperating voluntarily and autonomously in the enterprise of self-realization through the perfection of men according to their kind. The common language of the commonwealth, the language of its great political tradition, is English, but each nationality expresses its emotional and voluntary life in its own language, in its own inevitable æsthetic and intellectual forms. The common life of the commmonwealth is politico-economic, and serves as the foundation and background for the realization of the distinctive individuality of each *natio* that composes it. Thus "American civilization" may come to mean the perfection of the coöperative harmonies of "European civilization," the waste, the squalor, and the distress of Europe being eliminated—a multiplicity in a unity, an orchestration of mankind. As in an orchestra, every type of instrument has its specific timbre and tonality, founded in its substance and form; as every type has its appropriate theme and melody in the whole symphony, so in society each ethnic group is the natural instrument, its spirit and culture are its theme and melody, and the harmony and dissonances and discords of them all make the symphony of civilization, with this difference: a musical symphony is written before it is played; in the symphony of civilization the playing is the writing, so that there is nothing so fixed and inevitable about its progressions as in music, so that within the limits set by nature they may vary at will, and the range and variety of the harmonies may become wider and richer and more beautiful.

But the question is, do the dominant classes in America want such a society?

Book Notes and Byways

GENTLE USES OF A DICTIONARY.

The old scholar thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to write dictionaries—a sadly trite allusion, but how else express one's gratitude for a "Tennyson Concordance" (Macmillan) which extends to above twelve hundred pages, and in the making of which the author, Mr. A. E. Baker, sadly wrote out and then arranged something like 150,000 slips? There are as many reasons for being grateful as there are ways of using such a book. By its aid, if you are a scholar, you may reckon up the number of words in the vocabulary of Tennyson, and so demonstrate whether his genius was as great as that of Shakespeare or Milton. You may, if you are a reviewer, show astonishment at the errors of the next writer who pretends to quote your poet; or, if you aspire to be a real critic, you may with careless ease set forth the echoes of Tennyson in a dozen later versifiers. And last, if you have the taste for anthologies, like my honest friend who counts seven hundred such volumes in his New York apartment, you may even read in Mr. Baker's pages for pleasure and with no ulterior motive at all.

My own first motive was, I confess, of a more egotistic sort. Once upon a time there occurred to me the pretty thought, which I no doubt printed somewhere, that Tennyson's world was peculiarly characterized by his use of the word "wind," and now came the opportunity to prove the truth of my conjecture. I turned, therefore, first to that heading, and was not disappointed to find some three columns of quotations listed there from the Poems, with almost half a column from the Dramas. The winds are of summer and winter, of joy and of melancholy; yet there is a curious predominance of one tone through the lines, as may be observed from these few selections, which I give with the sources indicated so as to recall the setting of the words:

Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn. (Mariana)
winds Blew his own praises in his eyes. (A Character)
God's ordinance Of Death is blown in every wind. (To J. S.)
like a wind, that shrills All night in a waste land. (M. d'Arth.)
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind. (Gardener's D.)
smile that like a wrinkling wind On glassy water. (Princess)
Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak. (Boadicea)
I hear a wind Of memory murmuring the past. (In Mem.)
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind. (Merlin)
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn. (Guinevere)

A quantitative test, to be sure, would rather give the predominance to "light," for there are more than five columns under that word from the Poems alone. But it is to be noted that "light" is a word that naturally occurs with great frequency in verse. And you will find, moreover, that Tennyson's lines under this heading, though they contain almost always a touch of the true alchemy of poetry, have not the same stamp of originality as that which distinguishes his use of the winds; nor will you, I think, come upon a single phrase with the shock and moment of Vaughan's

> I saw Eternity the other night,
> Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light—

or with the magnitude of Milton's majestic apostrophe. At least, as I cast my eye down the columns of Tennyson, I seemed to feel nothing more than the commonplaces of sublimity, if the phrase is permissible, and of prettiness, until I was stopped by this exclamation: "O light upon the wind"; then at once I was rapt into the true Tennysonian world. After looking up the context in "The Passing of Arthur" I am in doubt whether the line does not rather belong under the adjective "light" (the contrary of heavy)—or should be in such doubt, were not the less obvious meaning so characteristic of the author. We think of the freely gushing sentiment in Tennyson, of his maidens innumerable who "pass like a light," and we grow a little dubious about the reality of the divine glory for which his infants are crying. But there is another Tennyson than Victoria's Laureate, the creator of a mood, a world, so remote from common experience, so different from that evoked by any other English poet, that this his most original power is likely to be overlooked. It is the land of the "light upon the wind," of the conjunction of the "mystic gleams" with the waste and wandering airs:

> Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
> There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
> In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
> Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
> Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
> Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
> Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
> And I am blown along a wandering wind,
> And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
> And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
> Their season in the night and wail their way
> From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
> Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries

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Far in the moonlight haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

There are finer passages in Tennyson, but I doubt if you will find any more characteristic of his poetic soul creating for itself its own habitation. This is not the world of any other of our English poets, though, if we were looking for analogies, we might say that it is compounded in a way of the moods of Shelley and Wordsworth. The home of Shelley's spirit was preëminently a region of light, or, rather, of iridescent ethereal colors. The dawn for him was not the gray time of cold winds, but a mystic shrine where the air is stirring a "vaporous fire":

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains; thro' a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:
'Tis lost! and thro' yon peaks of cloudlike snow
The roseate sunlight quivers; hear I not
The Aeolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Through that unearthly realm the hours pass in "cars drawn by rain-bow wingèd steeds Which trample the dim winds." There, too, the poet's soul dwells with emotions as radiant and as unsubstantial as the fabric of his dreams. Of moral judgment in the true sense of the word, of responsible discrimination, of homely knowledge of the heart, there is none; love is but the vanity of expansive joy "which paves [a] path along the skies," and hatred is as inextricably united with it as shadow is with light.

For moral reflection, and for Nature's lesson of the "truth that cherishes our daily life," we turn to Wordsworth. To him the vision splendid of the flaming sky brings no Aeolian music of sea-green plumes, but the sober strains of human fate. At the magnificent spectacle of the sunset in "The Excursion," he is indeed deeply moved by the

Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul,

but his thoughts are still with the mortal, earthly life it enfolds:

This little Vale, a dwelling place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

The whole aim of his poetic life, the end of all his solitary musings by the lakes and on the mountainsides, was not to escape into some upper realm of unravelled cloud or wind-divided mist, but to recreate the obstinate, insensible earth into human values:

To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the high-way,
I gave a moral life.

Now Tennyson's proper world is just the mist and wind of Shelley, without the pulsating colors, burdened with the graver moral reflection of Wordsworth. It is not an irresponsible realm of faery, nor yet the place of human homes, but a kind of weird mid-region where the dooms of mankind sweep with the loneliness of the invisible air, desolate or peaceful as the mood may be. I do not mean that this is the only world of Tennyson, or the one in which his imagination most frequently and complacently dwells—far from that—but this is his peculiar creation, a place where the wind is ever "moaning and calling out of other lands." P. E. M.

Correspondence

"EMERGENCY FEDERATION OF PEACE FORCES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the fruitlessness of the discussion as to what sympathies in the war in Europe to-day have to do with "loyal" American citizenship, and the hostile partisanship that is being whipped up by the disposition of the non-combatants of each side to mistrust and assail the honesty of the peoples on the other side, one would suggest that, instead of trying to decide who is responsible for this war, about which we have too little information to justify judgment, we preserve the spirit of American unity by joining together in the great campaign for, and discussion of, *Constructive Peace,* and prepare for the Congress of the "Emergency Federation of Peace Forces" which will be held in Chicago the 27th and 28th of February. None can read the letter of Miss Emily Hobhouse appealing to America in behalf of the children and non-combatants, who, according to her experience "behind the drop curtain," die horribly, in a proportion of five to one of those engaged in fighting; and others' accounts of the condition of whole villages taken by the "enemy" in which every woman and child of possible age was left pregnant by the soldiers, to become a mother under conditions too terrible to dwell upon, without a deep sense that there is a patriotism greater than the claim of any one nation, which demands that wars, as a means of settling international difficulties or disputes, must be done away with, and that not one of us has the right to remain a passive spectator to this carnage, or a defender of such ideas of international adjustments as may be dependent on armed warfare. Eve Watson Schutze.

Chicago, Ill., February 5.

MILITARISM AND THE MILLENNIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Up to last July we were trying to convince ourselves that the prolonged period of peace in northern Europe served as an argument for universal and perpetual peace. Now, however, the opinion is everywhere expressed in the United States that European war, by marking the fall of militarism, will answer the same purpose. Says the *Nation:* "That the world should go on after the appalling experiences which it is now undergoing upon the old basis of mere blind competition in preparation for general destruction is a prospect to which no thinking mind can reconcile itself." Militarism, then, will totter, the *Furor Teutonicus* will be allayed, resulting, says Mr. La Follette, in "a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations."

But after all is that really likely to be the case? Can we reasonably regard the present conflict as a prelude to the millennium? Will militarism die by its own hand?

Suppose Germany wins. (Her defeat is not by any means a foregone conclusion yet.) Surely no more forceful and pragmatic argument for militarism can be advanced than the success of the German arms. In the resulting financial and territorial readjustments, regions now poor and thinly populated will be quickened into a new industrial life, the construction of modern municipalities will follow, and *Deutschthum* (there seems to be no English equivalent) will breach her present confines. All this will be clearly the product of successful militarism. What vigorous growing nation can resist the logic of it?

Again, the spirit of revenge suddenly reawakened in France (if, in fact, it has ever slumbered since 1870) on being communicated to her Allies, may easily demand militarism and yet more militarism on both sides of the Channel and "in the camp of the Muscovite." The loss of Alsace and Lorraine plus the loss—shall we say of the Meuse and the Vistula—will rankle in the minds of millions until *Quand même* becomes a universal rallying cry.

Granting, however, that Germany is defeated, that the "claws" are for the time effectually extracted, that she is forced to cede treasure and territory, is she not likely to prove a veritable Phœnix? Can any nation be permanently checked save through its own internal decay? We must not forget that the militarism of a Louis XIV gave place in a century to the militarism of a Napoleon.

Highly desirable, then, as world peace and general disarmament are, the likelihood that the War of the Nations will permanently allay distrust, bring about territorial adjustments permanently satisfactory to all, and quell the gnawing spirit of revenge does not seem assured. Harrison C. Dale.

St. Louis, Mo., February 1.

THE BEAM IN THE EYE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apart from the flagrant disregard of her solemn pledge to observe the neutrality of Belgium, probably no one thing is more directly responsible for American disaffection towards Germany than the egotistical belief of Germans in the superiority of their *kultur* over that of any other nation, and their ingrained feeling that the extension of the field of German influence and power, and *pari passu* of German *Kultur,* will necessarily be distinctly beneficial to humanity, despite accompaniment by bloodshed and all other incidental tragedies of war. The absolute conviction Germans hold that their civilization is of a higher grade than ours and their unquestioning belief in the exalted character of the duty that calls them to benefit the world by replacing the inferior Anglo-Saxon standards with the superior Teutonic standards, even though we, in our self-satisfied ignorance, are unwilling to make the exchange, exasperate us exceedingly.

Yet can we justly criticise the Germans for governance by a spirit which completely dominates ourselves? Is there any doubt in the minds of the great majority of American citizens that American democracy represents the highest form of government in the world, that American ideals are the most exalted, or that it is our duty to the rest of the world and to humanity to bring as many peoples as possible up to our own high level? Is not America stirred with a philanthropic joy when an empire becomes a republic? And is not the progress of England towards democracy noted with satisfaction born of the feeling that it is moving upward towards the light which we enjoy? Nay, are we not hoping that as one beneficial result of the present war Germany herself may advance from an imperial to a democratic form of government?

Our attitude, it may be urged, is one of

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persuasion, not compulsion. We rely on the force of high example, not of armies, to establish those conditions we regard as better. True, but when we consider the Indians, the Filipinos, the Kanakas, we can no longer hug that difference to our souls; while our sympathy with the measures by which Anglo-Saxon institutions and standards have been established in India, Egypt, Africa, and other parts of the world shows that at heart we fully endorse the German method of advancing world-*kultur*, differing only in interpretation of the term. Furthermore, if there be objection to placing American, as compared with German, standards in the same category as Hindu or Egyptian, as compared with American, standards, such objection would only prove our unquestioning faith in our own superiority—the Hindu or the Egyptian would, if consulted, maintain that his standards are the higher.

Even in Germany's attitude in placing respect for her own pledges and regard for the rights of an unoffending country second to the superimposition of German *kultur* on the world, we may find a close parallel in the incidents attendant on our acquisition of the Canal Zone.

As long as we commend these things in ourselves we may only quarrel with Germany, we may not justly condemn her.

HENRY OLDYS.

Washington, D. C., January 1.

LOUVAIN PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the editorial in the *Nation* of February 4, you may be interested to know that Prof. L. van der Essen, of the University of Louvain, has been lecturing at the University of Chicago on the history of Belgium since the 1st of January. He has been appointed regularly to the faculty and will be in residence for the remainder of the academic year. JAMES R. ANGELL.

University of Chicago, February 6.

CHARLES MARTIN HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sure that a journal that has so consistently and efficiently striven to build up the moral and spiritual forces of life as has the *Nation* will be glad to record in its pages a tribute to one whose great services to humanity are not prescribed by the limits of his life, cut short at fifty-one years of age. I refer to the late Charles Martin Hall, of Niagara Falls, whose inventions and discoveries in connection with aluminum made that metal one of the cheapest of all the widely used metals in the arts and industries of the world.

I will not attempt to give an account of the significance of this discovery, the results of which now represent an investment in America of about $175,000,000, though the industry is still in its infancy; yet a few facts may justify my calling attention to the work and life of one who, in the words of Dr. Charles F. McKenna, was "one whose modesty has been as singular as his patience has been marked."

Mr. Hall was the recipient of the fifth impression of the Perkin Research Medal, January 20, 1911, on which occasion the dean of the chemical profession in America, Prof. Charles F. Chandler, called attention to the fact that the price of aluminum in 1855 was $90 a pound; in 1886, $12 a pound. This was the year in which Mr. Hall made his discovery; he had just graduated from Oberlin College (June, 1885), and, to quote from Professor Chandler, "Hall's age at this time was two months over twenty-two years, and he had discovered and invented what had escaped Wöhler, Rose, Deville, and many of the other world-renowned chemists who had busied themselves with aluminum over a period of half a century. I might add that in the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the discovery of Hall and Héroult no one has succeeded in bettering what they did." That these words are still true may safely be assumed from the fact that the price of aluminum is now only nineteen cents a pound though still produced under essentially the original process of manufacture. Nor is less honor due to Mr. Hall because a few months after his discovery the same invention was independently achieved by Dr. Paul Héroult in France, also, by the way, a young man just out of college.

It is an instructive comment upon the modern college laboratory to note that the experiments which led Mr. Hall to his final discovery were carried on in his college days in an institution which stood primarily for the classical idea of education. With no laboratory of the modern type, with no aid other than the encouragement of devoted parents and an inspiring teacher—Professor Jewett, of the chemistry department in Oberlin College—the young inventor by his own devices and appliances, with an energy born of an unconquerable determination, lured on by the great task before him, accomplished, on February 23, 1886, what others with the best equipment had failed to achieve.

Yet this was but the beginning of the conquest; before the results of his labor could be turned to financial profits, he was obliged to defend the originality of his invention in the courts; he had, moreover, still to convince men of means of the value of his invention and of the general demand of the product on a scale that would justify an investment for its manufacture; the practical application of the process to manufacture required still other inventions which Mr. Hall perfected and for which he received patents. Finally, however, the almost insurmountable obstacles were overcome, but not until a quarter of a century of well-directed and persistent effort had been put into the enterprise, for it is to be noted that it has been but a few years since aluminum came into extensive use. Financial success to Mr. Hall, however, meant no selfish indulgence nor the acquisition of power over others; it meant greater service to mankind. Throughout his life he had been interested in Christian education, in art, in music, in nature—in a word, in all the finer things of life; and the munificent bequests disclosed by his will are but the expressions of his life and the loftiness of his purpose. His gifts to Oberlin College, his alma mater, of which he was also a trustee, exceed three million dollars, and this represents but a part of his large fortune distributed in equally generous proportions for the cause of education in the South, in Japan, China, Asia, Turkey, the Balkan states, and other parts of the world. The results of thirty years turned to such an account cannot be measured; nor can an adequate estimate be placed upon the significance of the scientific discovery with which Mr. Hall's name will be forever linked. But when one considers the easily accessible source of the raw material, that, in the words of the inventor, "every bank of clay is a mine of aluminum," and the myriad possibilities of the metal because of its properties and the rare quality of its lightness, it is not too much to say that the future historian will regard the discovery of Charles Martin Hall as having "introduced a new era in the world's history—the Age of Aluminum."

KARL F. GEISER.

Oberlin College, January 28.

JOSEPH DE CROZALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Prof. Kenneth McKenzie on the late Marcel Reymond, the Grenoble art critic, which appeared in the *Nation* last month, suggests my sending you these few lines about another scholar of the same city, who passed away, at the age of sixty-six, on the first of this present month. I refer to my brother-in-law, Joseph de Crozals, professor of history at the University of Grenoble for over thirty years, dean of the Faculty of Letters from 1899 to 1909, and honorary dean at the moment of his death.

The lives of Reymond and de Crozals had many resemblances. Both were particularly active in the development of the courses for foreign students for which Grenoble is notable, and both made a specialty of Italian subjects, de Crozals being the author of a "History of Italian Unity" and the translator of Italian art works devoted to Angelico, Botticelli, the Lippis, Michelangelo, etc. For years M. de Crozals spent the long vacation in Italy, the Roman summer finding immune this son of Lower Languedoc, whose scorching *vent d'autan* had armed him against the attacks of the malaria of the Eternal City. He was a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, as well as of the French Legion of Honor, and among the foreign students, the Italians, whose beautiful tongue he spoke with ease and correctness, were his favorites. His characterization of the German students who swarmed at Grenoble was, by the way, *ils travaillent comme des bœufs*.

While M. Reymond's taste for studies in art embraced that of his own Dauphiné, M. de Crozals's activities were not confined to Italy either, for he was president of the Académie Delphinale; and neither was afflicted with that fever, so prevalent among the French intellectuals of the provinces, to get to Paris. Though M. de Crozals knew his Paris well, for he was educated here, he may be said never even to have visited the capital during the second half of his life. So determined was he to identify himself with Grenoble that, being without means, he paid, on the instalment plan, for his pleasant and commodious house in the Rue Champollion, which he owned long before his death, and where more than one American student has received hospitality at the tea hour. His interest in America also showed itself in some years by his selecting a period of United States history as the topic of his annual course of lectures. And, lastly, I may cite as a relation between these two men that only sons of both of them are in the French army at the present moment and that these two sons have the same grade—captain.

M. de Crozals's best friend during his earliest days at Grenoble was the late Jules

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Lemaître, who then held the chair of French literature there, to which succeeded Prof. Paul Morillot, who was also M. de Crozals's successor in the deanship, and who thus speaks of his former colleague in a letter to me: "He was a most successful lecturer, to whose charm and elegance of speech was added a rare distinction and urbanity of manner. We all, students and faculty alike, grieve his loss." M. Emile Boutroux speaks in much the same terms of him. "We were both graduates of the Lycée Henri IV," M. Boutroux said to me yesterday; "but when he was a student there, I was in my third year at the Ecole Normale; and when, according to custom, I was charged with a three weeks' course of teaching at my old college, I then met for the first time the young de Crozals, of whom I was a few years the senior. I was even then struck by his solid learning and his easy flow of language. At one of the examinations, I gave his composition the maximum mark. The acquaintance then formed continued through life." In fact, M. de Crozals closely followed M. Boutroux at the famous school in the Rue d'Ulm, after graduating with high honors from his lycée and winning the "Prix d'honneur" at the "Concours général" of the lycées and colleges of France the year of his graduation. After leaving the Ecole Normale, where he stood very well, he took his doctor's degree and finally won that highest of university distinctions in France, the "agrégation," perhaps the most difficult examination in the academic world of any country. I may add in passing that the son referred to above seems to have inherited his father's ability for attaining high scholastic standing, for he graduated, some ten years or more ago, from the St. Cyr military school at the head of his class.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, January 16.

SORTES VERGILIANÆ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All through the Middle Ages Vergil was regarded as a prophet, certainly as an *ante post factum* Christian. As an additional proof of his virtues as a seer the following lines from the Sixth Book of the Æneid might well be supposed to refer to the United States, especially as he makes reference to the use of radium, or possibly of the radio-science of our day:

> Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
> credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus;
> orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus
> describent *radio*, et surgentia sidera dicent:
> tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> hae tibi erunt artes:—pacisque imponere morem,
> parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

The *parcere subjectis* refers to the money paid to the Spaniards for the privilege of conquering them, the line being a fine example of the rhetorical figure called *hysteron proteron*.

The genial Horace was never recognized as a prophet, but in his first ode he makes the first-known reference to *college ices*, now an American institution:

> Maecenas atavis edite regibus—
> O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!
> sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum
> *collegisse* iuvat; metaque fervidis
> evitata rotis . . .

The following translation may be recommended to co-ed. subfreshmen:

> Maecenas, *eat* with Avis and Reggie
> Throw Olympic dust at the curriculum;
> Especially my decorative sweet;
> The *college ice* will please you; but avoid
> Meats, especially hot roasts!

The version is in no wise more absurd than the famous translation of a passage which the late President Hill, of Harvard University, used to delight in citing as the genuine work of a Bowdoin College student. I cite it exactly as he gave it to me on board the famous sixty-year-old yacht, The Laurel, during a memorable cruise up Casco Bay to Quohaug Bay, that haunt of prehistoric clams, the megatherium of shell-fish. The four lines are from the first of the Georgics:

> Vere novo gelidus canis cum montibus humor
> liquitur et Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,
> depresso incipiat iam tum mihi taurus aratro
> ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.

Dr. Hill's translation reads:

> In early Spring when on the hoary hills the moisture
> Is thawing and the fields below grow tender with the West-wind,
> Quick then my bullock shall begin with deepset plow
> To groan, the polisht share to glitter in the furrow.

This is the masterpiece by the Bowdoin student:

> Truly I have known when a cold dog on the mountain his water sets running, and, by Zephyr, on a putrid field, resolves to do it again, then depression begins with me; like a bull under a harrow I groan and, sulky with attrition, I splendidly vomit.

President Hill vouched for that as the most colossal mistranslation extant. So far as I know it has never before been published.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Boston, January 25.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent announcement in a well-known English church paper that the degree of LL.D. had been conferred upon a certain vicar by a "university" purporting to have its habitat in Washington, D. C., led me to make certain inquiries by way of improving my acquaintance with American institutions of learning. I found no mention of this particular establishment in the list of colleges and universities published in the last annual report of the Commissioner of Education. But a letter to the Bureau of Education brought the information that the "university" in question is duly chartered in the District of Columbia, and that "most of its work is done by the correspondence method." In 1912 the Carnegie Foundation appears to have reported on it as follows: "The ——— University, which is established in a dwelling-house in Washington, certified in 1908 that its assets, including bills receivable, amounted to $450." It also had a "library of 5,000 books, office furniture—desks, chairs, and typewriters."

But the astounding thing is that, according to my official informant, "the sole requirement for becoming a college or university in the District of Columbia is that any five persons sign a document stating it to be their intention so to incorporate." I have small care or pity for the guileless innocents, British or American, who are deluded by the proffer of degrees from "universities" thus constituted; but it is no wonder that foreigners look askance at degrees from even our best universities, when the national Government permits such a scandalous act to foster frauds under the shadow of the Capitol. Can nothing be done to obliterate this shame?

E. T. M.

The University of Chicago, December 17, 1914.

Literature

THE ROMANTIC ERA.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. XI: The Period of the French Revolution. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The present volume deals with the first great names of the Romantic Era—Burke, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Burns, and others—the "fountain-heads of change," as far as England is concerned, in a period which was marked by a deeper quickening of the European mind than had been known since the Renaissance. In general the criticism which is here offered is sound, and in the case of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Burns, it does not fall below the level of the best that the writings of these three poets have hitherto called forth. In his well-known book on the subject Prof. Emile Legouis had already illuminated the early years of Wordsworth. In the present volume he extends his critical survey over the whole of the poet's life and production, taking account, among other things, of the strange contrast between Wordsworth's rather melancholy childhood and youth and the doctrine of joy which he later deduced from his experiences in this same period. It was his delight in the phenomena of Nature and the divine power which they suggested that was, of course, the source of this doctrine. But apart from the fact that to view the world in this light our eyes, like Wordsworth's, must (to use Arnold's famous phrase), "avert their ken from half of human fate," the joy itself is of too subdued and solemn a kind for the multitude of even thoughtful men to attain. The poet's own effort to attain it not infrequently breaks down. For instance, what can be more depressing than the book of "The Excursion," entitled "Despondency," unless it be the book that follows immediately after it, "Despondency Corrected"? When all is said, Wordsworth's view of nature as a source of intense and unending delight expresses only one side of the matter, and is mainly important on account of the strong impulse which in his better moments it gave to his lyrical genius. It is interesting to observe that Professor Legouis traces the growing emphasis on moral law in Wordsworth's poetry from about 1805 on to the decline in his vital spirits of which he was himself conscious. He was growing old prematurely in a spiritual sense, and "in want of comfort, he turned to duty"—hence the famous "Ode to Duty." If Professor Legouis errs at all, it is in not recognizing frankly how large an element of prose there is in Wordsworth from the beginning—even in many of his best-known poems. This element detracts from the "perfection" which the critic ascribes to "The Ruined Cottage," to say nothing of "Simon Lee" and others, in which lines of a really poetic stamp are the exception rather than the rule.

An admirable specimen of criticism is C.

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E. Vaughan's chapter on Coleridge. The following words sum up excellently the causes of the distinguishing quality of the author of the "Ancient Mariner": "He lived in the full tide of a philosophical no less than a poetic revival. He was himself among the leading figures in both. He had, therefore, on both sides, a far richer store of material to draw from than had been open to the earlier rebels. And it was the first instinct of his nature to weave, or force, every side of his experience into a consistent whole." In his "Biographia Literaria" Coleridge—frightened, doubtless, as Mr. Vaughan observes, by the criticisms of his poem—is too anxious to explain that his stress lay not on the incidents themselves, but upon their working upon the soul of the mariner. Our critic, however, is juster to the poet than he was to himself in pointing out that the incidents themselves "have a compelling power upon the imagination" and are presented "not with the shorthand brevity which suits the needs of daily life, but in the successive images, distinct and single, which struck the eye of the mariner at the moment; and this with a persistency which is clearly intentional, and which it would be hard to parallel from any other poem." Mr. Vaughan also brings into its proper light the delicacy of Coleridge's observation of natural phenomena (which is far subtler than Wordsworth's) and "the reserve, the sleepless sense of poetic fitness" with which he employs such imagery. On the other hand, in his discussion of "Christabel" the critic misses the most obvious explanation of the inferiority of the Second Part of this poem to the First. A year had intervened between the composition of the two parts, and the mood of inspiration had been broken. We wish also that Mr. Vaughan had found place for some mention of the superb ballad, "Alice Du Clos," which is interesting not only as a proof that the "shaping spirit of imagination" could revisit its author even in his latest years—the poem was composed about 1828, it seems—but because it affords a fine example of his narrative power (with much of his old magical charm of diction) entirely dissociated from the marvellous.

Space fails us to comment on the criticism of Burns by T. F. Henderson, which shows a mastery not inferior to that which we have already noted in the chapters on Wordsworth and Coleridge. Worthy of especial mention, besides, are the chapters on Burke by H. J. C. Grierson, on Bentham and the Early Utilitarians by W. R. Sorley—whose discussions of the English philosophers in the successive volumes have constituted one of the most valuable features of this history—and on Blake by J. P. R. Wallis. The last is a very thorough study of Blake, especially from the mystical side, and offers accordingly a careful analysis of those half-insane "prophetic" outgivings which express in such bewildering form the poet's philosophy of life. Prof. George Saintsbury's prolific and vivacious pen has been called into requisition for three chapters, viz., on Southey and the Lesser Poets of the Later Eighteenth Century, The Prosody of the Eighteenth Century, and The Growth of the Later Novel (*i. e.*, from Amory, author of "John Buncle" to Thomas Love Peacock). The first of these contains many fine observations on Southey, as when it is said: "Not at any period of his life, for fear or favor, was it possible for Southey to acquiesce in what he did not think right; but what he thought right generally depended not on any coherent theory, not on any sound historical observation, but on a congeries of personal likings, dislikings, experiences, and impressions generally." In his enumeration of Godwin's shortcomings as a novelist one wonders that Professor Saintsbury has not included one of the most obvious, namely, that he has no capacity whatever for dialogue—indeed, in his best books hardly essays it. This deficiency produces an inevitable monotony, and handicaps still further a writer whose style was better fitted for philosophical harangues on the rights of man than for narrative.

Apart from the discussions of leading authors, the volume embraces subsidiary chapters on The Book Trade of the Time, The Bluestockings (Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, etc.), and Children's Books. All are instructive, and that of Mrs. H. G. Aldis on the bluestocking coteries is enlivened with a humorous appreciation of the absurdities of the subject.

We have observed a few omissions in the very full and valuable bibliography. For instance, there is no mention here of Thomas Wright's "Life of Cowper," nor of J. L. Haney's indispensable "Bibliography of S. T. Coleridge" (Philadelphia, 1903). "The Leadbeater papers" (second edition, 1862) should have appeared in the list of sources for Crabbe's biography. On page 312 we note that H. V. Routh repeats the old legend concerning Jeremy Collier's influence in reforming the English stage at the end of the seventeenth century—a legend which in an earlier volume of this work (Vol. VIII, pp. 191 ff.), Mr. Whibley had effectively exploded.

CURRENT FICTION.

James. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Like the hero of "Tono-Bungay," James makes a fortune out of a patent medicine; but there the resemblance ends. His feats with that prodigy among hair-raisers, "Superbo," merely marks his entry into the arena of "finance." The cropper he comes over his second venture, a plunge in "synthetic rubber," can, in face of his perfect self-sufficiency, amount to nothing more painful than experience. When a *coup* is needed, his brain and will are ready with it, and must be, we are persuaded, till the end of the chapter. He is the perfect egotist, the money- and power-getter, without fear and without self-reproach: apotheosis of a type certainly not less common in America than in England. His instinct for the direct road to an immediate end is infallible, and his action never hampered by other considerations. He is generous and affectionate when generosity and affection do not imperil "the main chance." He is not a monster, but has real feeling of its kind for the mother and sister whom he rules, and for the sweetheart whom convenience finally constrains him to desert. He is not punished, or reformed, or in any way brought to book. Nevertheless, the main chance apart, he is a figure pathetic rather than triumphant. He succeeds because he puts the narrowest construction on the word success. He is destined to push on in the world by virtue of his limitations, and to be happy because he is unconscious of them. He will never know what he has lost in the girl who has waited so many years for him, or suspect how thoroughly glad she was to get rid of him in the end. He will remain what—there is thus much to say for him—he was born: a wilful and greedy atom seeking its own end. It is a very notable feat on the author's part to have made us half-fond of this fellow, rather sorry to leave him, and secretly disposed to wish him well on his indefensible way.

The Dusty Road. By Therese Tyler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The two lines of verse by Christina Rossetti quoted on the title-page epitomize this book:

> Does the road wind up hill all the way?
> Yes, to the bitter end.

It deals with a year or more in the life of a young Philadelphia girl. Her father is a drunkard, her mother a shrew, her brother a degenerate, her aunt a snob, her cousin an empty-headed society girl, the man she loves a cad, and the man she marries a disappointed "man about town." The brother marries a woman of the streets, the cousin is forced into the arms of a man she does not love, and even the man whom the heroine finally marries boasts a *grande passion* with an actress who elopes with a peculiarly unpleasant Italian playwright. It is obvious that the reference to an uphill road is full of significance for the unfortunate young lady who plays the chief part in the narrative. Mrs. Tyler's characterization is vivid, and in most cases human. But there is a painful lack of definite plot; the outlines are hazy; all of which tends to lower what might have been a rather strong, if unpleasant, piece of realism to a nondescript plane, where the atmosphere is one of gloom and disease.

The Wisdom of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

That an author who, if rumor does not lie, habitually carries a sword-stick in the streets of London, vaguely expecting heroic adventures in the purlieus of Fleet Street, should some time or other try his hand at detective romance, is only natural. That Mr. Chesterton should select as his detec-

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tive protagonist the kind of person whom of all the world one would suppose least like a detective, is also natural. Sherlock Holmes would not appeal to Mr. Chesterton, because Sherlock Holmes is just the kind of man who ought to be a detective; but Father Brown, a Catholic priest, pudgy and unprepossessing, presents himself inevitably to Mr. Chesterton's sense of paradox as a suitable medium for the unweaving of criminal tangles. Certainly, the author's first volume of detective stories, "The Innocence of Father Brown," gave us no grounds of quarrel with him. The paradox in the choice of a protagonist might be artificial, but it was ingenious, and stimulated the interest, and some of the stories exhibited Mr. Chesterton's exuberant fancy at its best. He would, perhaps, have done better to leave well alone. In the present volume Father Brown has become rather a stereotyped character, not nearly so alive as Sherlock Holmes, even after his miraculous resurrection from the dead. The dozen stories which make up this volume are still ingeniously contrived, but they seem to lack freshness and spontaneity, and in the reasoning of some of them not even the appearance of logic is observed.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

British Shipping. By A. W. Kirkaldy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Why is it that those who write about ships are usually so interesting? The work before us is by a college professor and is one of a series devoted to financial and industrial affairs; yet we read it with almost as much pleasure as we once read "Two Years Before the Mast." Professor Kirkaldy is a capital story-teller, and none the less a good historian and an excellent economist. He thinks in centuries as easily as in decades. He is full of imagination and precise as to facts; and he leaves untouched no essential feature of the history, organization, or importance of British shipping.

The great liner of to-day dates back to the coracle. We have, indeed, a reminder of this small, hide-covered Celtic craft in the term "skin," by which we designate the iron or steel plating of the modern vessel. By the time of Julius Cæsar the Britons had reached the stage of the solid oak ship. English shipping, however, at the period of the Norman Conquest, was on the lines of the Viking ships, and it was this type that was commonly constructed until the crusading voyages of Richard I. In the Mediterranean the English sailors and designers were brought into touch with the Venetian buss, or caravel, which became the direct progenitor of the modern cargo ship. The Englishman was no longer a mere coaster; he had begun the training in navigation and seamanship that was to make him the most intrepid of navigators.

Professor Kirkaldy is to be commended for calling attention to the scanty justice that has been done to Richard I in this matter. As a result of his knight-errantry, new markets were opened up, and a more extensive trade, both in imports and exports, began. To regulate this growing trade, the first modern maritime code of laws was drawn up. The Laws or Judgments of Oléron, as they were called, were intended for the regulation of England's growing mercantile marine. They were modelled on the "Book of the Consulate of the Sea," which regulated the trade and shipping of the Levant, but modified in accordance with the decision of the Court of Oléron, an island forming part of the Duchy of Guienne. These laws were primarily intended to regulate the growing trade in wine and oil between England and Guienne, but have continued to influence maritime law and custom down to the present day.

In the Tudor period English shipping in one particular curiously resembled American shipping of to-day, for we find Sir Walter Raleigh calling attention to the fact that a Dutch ship could be so easily handled that she required a crew of but one-third the number necessary in an English ship of the same size. The resemblance, of course, ceases when we note that the disparity between the Dutch and the English in the seventeenth century was due to the type of ship, while that between the English and the American in the twentieth century is due to other causes. The effect was the same in each case, however—lower cost of operation.

During the last half of the eighteenth century British shipping had increased enormously both in tonnage and in importance. The East Indiaman was undoubtedly a splendid ship, but economy of management, the possibility of greater carrying capacity, and the adoption of labor-saving devices to lessen the number of the crew, were apparently questions which received scant attention from the directors of the East India Company. Their ships were built and managed on a system very similar to that of the Royal Navy—no expense was spared to get the best results. While a ship could be built by an ordinary owner at about £25 a ton, those built for the Company cost as much as £40, or even more. Moreover, these ships were effectively armed, and their crews occupied the 'tween decks, man-o'-war fashion, thus considerably reducing cargo-carrying capacity.

The rivalry of England and America in the evolution of the clipper ship is a fascinating story. Equally entertaining is the account of the iron ship, the use of steam, the development of the huge craft of to-day. The modern liner, the cargo steamer, the refrigerator ship, the tank steamer, is each described by Professor Kirkaldy in terms that are fully as appealing to the imagination as to the historical and economic senses. He even invests the marine engine with charm.

It is impossible in a review of this length to outline Professor Kirkaldy's chapters on ownership, management, and regulation, in which are discussed such subjects as the modern facilities for communication, the tendency to combine, shipping conferences, capital and earnings, the classification and registry of shipping, marine insurance, and state regulation as embodied in shipping acts. And the same is true of his ten chapters on trade routes, where, among other things, we discover a great deal of well-digested information regarding the Suez and Panama Canals. Equally important are his five chapters on ports and docks of the United Kingdom. Wherever we open this volume we find the narrative alluring and the information profuse, nicely selected, and admirably discussed. Numerous appendices contain a great amount of statistical matter, together with diagrams, and preceding the work is an extensive bibliography.

PEACE PROJECTS OF THE PAST.

The Confederation of Europe. By Walter Alison Phillips. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Great wars have been followed by famous projects for their future prevention. After the religious wars of France came Henry IV's "Great Design"; after the War of the Spanish Succession the Abbé de St. Pierre's "Projet de Paix Perpétuelle"; after the French Revolutionary wars, Kant's "Zum Ewigen Frieden"; after Napoleon, the Holy Alliance. Mr. Phillips recalls briefly the first three projects, and then examines in much detail, on the basis of the English Foreign Office records, the genesis, activities, and dissolution of that international organization, inspired under the Czar Alexander's idealism and expressing itself in alliances and "congresses," which sought to secure peace in Europe from 1813 to 1823. It is this organization which Mr. Phillips rather happily calls The Confederation of Europe.

The author shows clearly how Alexander changed from liberalism to reaction, and how the ministers of other Powers kept him "grouped" for their own particular ends. He gives also a fairer and higher judgment of Castlereagh than has previously been accorded to him through the prejudice and ignorance of earlier writers. He makes some interesting analogies between the principle of intervention assumed by the Confederation of Europe over other states, and that assumed by the German Confederation of 1815 over its members, as well as that assumed by the great North American Confederation over her sister republics to the south.

Alexander's vision of the Holy Alliance is traced back to the earlier projects of peace named above; the connecting link between these and his later realized project is found in a significant dispatch of 1804 to Novosiltsov, who was in London and who was to show it to Pitt. It is well known that the threatened intervention of Alexander

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and his allies in South America led Canning, in 1823, to suggest to Rush, the United States Minister in Washington, the principles which were published as the Monroe Doctrine. But it is not generally known that nearly five years earlier, at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, Alexander had proposed that the United States be invited to aid in the settlement of the relations between Spain and her colonies; he wished "to attach the United States to the general system of Europe and to prevent a spirit of rivalry and hatred establishing itself between the Old and the New World." He feared to have the Latin-American colonies imitate the institutions of the republic to the north, for he looked with apprehension at

a complete republican world, young, full of ardor, rich in the products of all climates and with soil of incomparable fertility, establishing itself in the presence of a Europe grown old, everywhere ruled by monarchs, evercrowded with inhabitants, shaken by thirty years of revolutionary shocks, and scarce as yet reestablished on its ancient foundations.

Five years later, at the very moment Canning was urging the United States to oppose European intervention in South America, Alexander also sent a well-meant communication to Washington, in which he again showed the hope that the United States might coöperate in the beneficent purposes of the Holy Alliance. By a singular irony, his communication hastened the very consummation it was his object to avoid.

At the present moment, when schemes for world peace are often argued with more zeal than discretion, there is a timeliness about this volume which its author did not suspect when he was delivering the substance of it in lectures at Oxford in 1913. For the Confederation of Europe of a century ago has its lessons for to-day. Though the conditions then and now are very different in many respects, some of the same problems remain. Any international agreement for securing peace by preserving the *status quo* is in danger of conflicting with irrepressible nationalistic aspirations. And no agreement can be made except for a given *status quo*, because no government is likely to consent to support future or unknown arrangements. Though international law recognizes in theory the equality of all sovereign states, no international organization which at present attempts to translate this theory into practice is likely to survive. Alexander and Metternich did not for a moment think of any such equality of states; with them it was only the four or five big ones which counted. On the other hand, if the influence of the central "control" is proportioned to the population or importance of the constituent states, it may find itself compelled, as a century ago, to intervene in the internal affairs of a state; for, in spite of the best intentioned professions of non-intervention, there is always the inevitable difficulty of drawing a sharp distinction between external affairs and "internal affairs having an external effect." The effective working of a confederation of the world demands a far greater uniformity of political institutions and ideas among the nations than at present exists.

A HISTORY OF THE DE FOREST FAMILY.

A Walloon Family in America: Lockwood de Forest and his Forbears, 1500-1848. By Mrs. Robert W. de Forest. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

Climbing the family tree, in America and elsewhere, has always been a favorite pastime, and this in face of the obvious fact that the climber can rarely hope to bring down fruit of a kind or quality to tempt those beyond the narrow circle that claims a sort of proprietary interest in the tree itself. To quest undistinguished ancestors over dead levels of mediocrity into the mists of the past is the fate of the great majority of genealogical writers. For her escape from such a fate, Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, who, in her "A Walloon Family in America," is the chronicler of the de Forests, has in part the varied and picturesque de Forest family history to thank, and in part her own happy faculty of making the records of a single family broadly typical of various aspects of Colonial life. To be expansive over details for which the world in general cares not a straw is, of course, part of the essence of such chronicles as this, and a generous quantum of these data is present in it. Obscure worthies, for example, are resurrected one after another, and put through their paces, and the narrative asserts the right to pause for the inclusion of such matters as an itemized inventory of the personal effects of a defunct eighteenth-century de Forest. But it is these details that the family concerned craves, and to provide them is part of the family historian's duty. The general reader, at least if his literary lapses have ever delivered him into the hands of the genealogists, will not complain of this, but, on the contrary, will thank his stars for the store of good matter offered that is fit to interest even those in whose veins there flows no drop of the blood of the intrepid old Jesse de Forest, the first of his tribe to migrate to the New World.

This book opens with an account of the de Forests of the Walloon country of northeastern France, who, becoming Protestants, took refuge in Holland, and there engaged in various crafts and trades until the adventurous Jesse de Forest sailed in 1623 to found a colony in Guiana. Next, the fortunes of Jesse's children, Isaac, the founder of the family in America, Rachel and Hendrick, who settled in New Amsterdam in 1637, are its theme. Here the narrative takes on the representative character of which we have spoken, and which makes it something more than a mere family affair, for the New Amsterdam scions of the stock—friends and associates of the Van Rensselaers, the Stuyvesants, and the rest—were thoroughly typical of the Dutch settlers of Manhattan, who brewed, and baked, and built, and traded on week days, and lent a pious ear on Sundays to the sermons of good Dominie Bogardus—men the record of whose pioneer activity and enterprise, witnessed in such narratives as this, should long since have shattered the legend of Dutch dulness and somnolence, entertaining as it is fallacious, which Irving's "Knickerbocker History" has, to the despair of truth-telling historians, foisted so delightfully upon the popular imagination.

As we read this part of the chronicle, things familiar and strange, remote and near, blend oddly, for to-day we New Yorkers walk where sprang the de Forest cabbage and tobacco crops, and we follow step for step where the Dutch traders, farmers, and magistrates moved about among their shops, *bouweries*, and breweries, or made perilous excursions to the lonely farms of Central Park and Harlem or the wildernesses of Morningside and Washington Heights. Nor are touches genial and comic wanting. We learn, for example, that Isaac, who was "orphan master" of the city and whose generosity has been justified of his descendants of the present generation, paid from his own pocket to ransom children from the savages, and contributed liberally as a good citizen to public needs; and, in another vein, that Isaac's fourteen-year-old son Jan, careless of the magisterial respectability of his family, was put in the lock-up for running "fuddled and tipsy through the street"—a durance from which he was freed when it appeared that a neighbor's servants had plied him with the potations that inspired the indiscretion.

That there is no lack of the spice of variety in these volumes is plain when it is said that, after taking us from the Walloon country to Holland, from Holland to Guiana, and from Amsterdam to New Amsterdam, they lead us in the train of the pioneer David, son of the aforesaid Isaac, to Stratford, Connecticut, where the former had settled and promptly acclimatized himself to the bracing air of primitive New England Puritanism. In their new surroundings, the de Forests of the next two generations became farmers, shopkeepers, innkeepers, and what not, and were generally, what they had been in New Amsterdam, forces in the community, busy with the religious, educational, and military activities which were the preoccupations of New England. In the Revolution, they were militant patriots. With Lockwood de Forest, grandfather of Robert W. de Forest, a new epoch in the family history opened. Lockwood, after prospering in a small way, and later in larger ways, in New England, settled in 1815 in Greenwich Village, then a suburb of New York city. He engaged in the shipping business, and became at the time of his death in 1848—with which date this chronicle closes—one of New York's foremost merchants.

The value of Mrs. de Forest's book, which tells at length the story outlined above, is enhanced by the inclusion, in French and in an English translation, of a fresh contribution to Americana in the form of Jesse de Forest's journal of his voyage to Guiana

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in 1623, which had disappeared for generations, to be discovered in manuscript in the British Museum in 1901. This journal, be it said by the way, would seem to settle in favor of the year 1624 the debated question of the date of the founding of New Amsterdam.

It remains to recognize the painstaking research and the workmanlike skill in plan and execution which have combined to make this book notable in its class, and to commend these volumes as examples of fine bookmaking, excellent in binding, typography, etc., and remarkable for the interest and helpfulness of the illustrations and maps which are scattered through them with a lavish hand.

Notes

"Through Stained Glass," by George A. Chamberlain, will be published next month by the Century Co.

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago, announce for publication on May 1 a new revised and enlarged edition of Robert's "Rules of Order."

"Little Comrade, a Story of the Great War," by Burton E. Stevenson, is announced for publication on March 6 by Henry Holt & Co.

Paul, Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce that they have in preparation an official guidebook for scientific travellers in the West. The same house is preparing, in view of the Exposition, a classified catalogue of selected books on California.

Included in the spring list of Duffield & Co., in addition to volumes already announced, are: "War and the Ideal of Peace," by Henry Rutgers Marshall; "A Child at the Window," by William Hewlett; "Everblooming Roses," by Georgia T. Drennan.

T. Fisher Unwin, London, announces the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "Marjory Mallory," by Ivan Hodgkinson; "Windylow: A Novel," by Kineton Parkes; "Rural Housing," by William G. Savage; "The New Slavery," by H. Percy Scott.

The following volumes will be among the spring publications of Doubleday, Page & Co.: "Dr. Syn," by Russell Thorndyke; "Martha of the Mennonite Country," by Helen R. Martin; "Victory," by Joseph Conrad; "The Competitive Nephew," by Montague Glass; "Ruggles of Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson; "The Gardening Blue Book," by Leicester B. Holland; "The Rediscovered Country," by Stewart Edward White; "The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom," by Hendrik Willem van Loon; "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," by Walter A. Dyer; "The Shoes of Happiness," by Edwin Markham; "To-morrow's Topics," by Robert T. Morris. In the American Books Series this house will publish: "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick; "The Cost of Living," by Fabian Franklin; "The American College," by Isaac Sharpless; "The American Indian," by Charles A. Eastman; "A History of American Literature," by Leon Kellner; "Municipal Freedom," by Oswald Ryan.

The spring list of the Macmillan Co. includes, in addition to the volumes announced last week, in history and biography: "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," Vol. V, edited by Worthington C. Ford; "The Life of Clara Barton," by Percy Epler; "A Life of Napoleon," by James Morgan; "History of the Norwegian People," by Knut Gjerset; "India, Its Life and Thought," by John P. Jones.—Public Affairs: "Russia and the World," by Stephen Graham; "German World Policies," by Paul Rohrbach, translated by Edmund von Mach; "America and Her Problems," by Paul Benjamin d'Estournelles de Constant; "Standardizing the Dollar," by Irving Fisher; "The Panama Canal and International Trade," by Lincoln Hutchinson; "Commercial Work and Training for Girls," by Jeanette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens.—Religion and Philosophy: "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," by Arthur C. McGiffert; "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar; "The Reconstruction of the Church with Regard to Its Message and Program," by Paul Moore Strayer; "The Episcopal Church, Its Faith and Order," by George Hodges; "The Drama of the Spiritual Life," by Annie L. Sears; "The Practice of Self-Culture," by Hugh Black.—Medicine: "Medical Diagnosis," by Arthur Latham; "Diseases of the Arteries and Angina Pectoris," by Thomas Clifford Allbut; "Operations in Surgery," by W. H. A. Jacobson; "A New System of Gynecology," by American, British, and Canadian writers, edited by Thomas Watts Eden and Cuthbert Lockyer; "Gynecology in Its Relation to Obstetrics," by David Hadden; "Myomata and Adenomyomata," by Cuthbert Lockyer; "The Alimentary Tract," by Alfred E. Barclay; "Radiography, X-Ray Therapeutics, and Radium Therapy," by Robert Knox; "A Short Manual of Diseases of the Nervous System," by Edwin Bramwell; "Medical Applied Anatomy," by T. B. Johnston; "Essays on the Surgery of the Temporal Bone," by Charles A. Ballance; "Tuberculosis and Consumption," by A. J. Jex Blake.

From the house of H. S. Nichols, of New York, we have received "The Plays of Oscar Wilde," complete in one volume ($1.25 net). Reprinted from the original editions, some of which have now become rare, this issue, which is included in the Cosmopolitan Library, is most welcome. Though containing seven plays, the volume possesses type of good size, and paper that is not annoyingly thin. Lavender and old gold represent an appropriate choice of colors for the binding of Wilde's work.

No patriotism should be needed to welcome "The Oxford Book of American Essays" (Oxford University Press; $1.25 net), chosen by Prof. Brander Matthews. The brief introduction characterizes in his graceful, touch-and-go style the informal, whimsical type as a part of the great stream of English literature. With his thirty-two selections he, least of any, will expect every one to remain satisfied. In regard to exclusions, he could not have been Shavian enough to introduce any of his own vignettes, but surely he might have kept readers from laying down the book with regret that on his bead-roll stretching from Benjamin Franklin to Professor Trent he strung no pearl from Agnes Repplier. He has, too, admitted some productions that hardly come within the bounds of his own principles. King's "Cut-off Copples's" is primarily narrative. Eliot's "Five American Contributions to Civilization" is rather formal exposition. The preface to "Leaves of Grass" is not entirely in the spirit of Montaigne. Theodore Winthrop's "Our March to Washington" is an intensely interesting diary, but still a diary. It will be noted, however, that all these various writings illuminate some feature of our national life. Indeed, our significant traits, the diversity and breadth of our interests, rather than the presenting of individual performers, have been the editor's care. Though the volume does not exemplify the light, familiar, and capricious charm of the English essayists, it must surely give loyal readers an added pride in the literature of our American republic.

What did Shakespeare look like? Looking on this picture and on that, we are doubtless ready to accept, rather than the gleaming dome of the Droeshout engraving prefixed to the Folio, even the somewhat effeminate mouth and earrings of the Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery. But there are other possibilities—among them the so-called death mask, for the authenticity of which Dr. Paul Wislicenus continues an enthusiastic advocate ("Nachweise zu Shakespeare's Totenmaske; Die Echtheit der Maske"; Lemcke & Buechner; $1). The story of this mask has several times been told, and its genuineness contended for. It was found in a Mainz junkshop in 1849; it has the date 1616—Shakespeare's death year—pressed in the plaster of Paris; and there is evidence for connecting it with Count Kesselstadt, a collector, who may have got it in England towards the end of the eighteenth century. The point of Dr. Wislicenus's argument is that the features of the mask—"singularly attractive," Sir Sidney Lee calls them—bear a resemblance to the photograph of the Chandos portrait taken for the Arundel Society in 1866, at a time when the portrait had been thoroughly washed and before it had been retouched. More than this, the measurements of the mask agree to an unusual extent with those of the bust in Stratford Church; 83 1-3 per cent. of correspondence is noted, as against Nature's average of 36 per cent. There are signs that the bust was made from a death mask, and Gerhard Jansen, its sculptor, is known to have worked in that way. Not a great deal of all this, it should be said, is really new, and many find themselves unimpressed by it; the connection of the mask with England at all is highly conjectural; but the measurements, and the pictures used to illustrate them, contribute to the building up of a case which, if a long way this side of proving its authenticity, has conferred upon the mask considerable interest.

The legal profession will welcome Rawle's Third Revision of Bouvier's Law Dictionary (Kansas City: Vernon Law Book Co.; three volumes). Although many competitors have entered the field since the fourth edition of his work appeared in 1839, no rival has supplanted Bouvier; and, since Mr. Rawle began his revisions of the text, both the Bench and the Bar have regarded this dictionary with increasing favor. Under the present editor's supervision, it has been extended in scope and expanded in substance, until it fully justifies its subordinate title of "A Concise Encyclopædia of Law." In his preface, Mr. Rawle announces that the purpose of this revision is "to treat much more fully all encyclopædic titles, except those in

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which there has been no development in recent years, while adding many dictionary and other minor titles not found in former revisions." Possibly the addition of titles has been overdone. One would expect to find the abbreviation "A. U. C." in a general dictionary of unabridged proportions, but it is not easy to discover why the legal practitioner has any professional interest in learning that these letters stand for "ab urbe condita; from the foundation of the city of Rome. The era from which Romans computed time assumed to be 753 years before the Christian era," except upon the theory that there is no item of human knowledge that may not, at some time, be serviceable to the lawyer. Another title which seems rather superfluous is "Closing a Contract." This is defined as "an expression used in New York to indicate the settlement or carrying out of a contract." No legal authority is cited, and no evidence is offered that the term has any legal significance whatever.

Many of the articles are truly encyclopædic in fulness of detail. Because of this, they may be confusing to law-school or office students; but they should prove useful to the practicing lawyer, as well as to the teacher and the judge. In fact, these volumes will often supply all the information that is needed upon a particular subject. The young lawyer, especially, who cannot afford to buy many textbooks nor to invest in a forty-volume encyclopædia, will find this publication well suited to his needs. As a rule, the third revision appears to have been brought down to date. In the article on "Check," however, the reviser ought to have omitted from his enumeration of the differences between bills of exchange and checks the following statement: "A check can be negotiated any time before presentment, and yet not subject the holder to any equities existing between the previous parties." Such doctrine is directly contrary to the express provisions of the English Bills of Exchange act and of our Negotiable Instruments act. According to these statutes, a check is but a species of a bill of exchange. It is overdue and its transfer is subject to equities, in accordance with the rules which apply to any other bill of exchange payable on demand. In other words, a person to whom a check is negotiated "an unreasonable length of time after its issue," takes it as overdue paper and subject to equities.

Prof. Julius Goebel, of the University of Illinois, has published a series of essays and addresses, under the title of "Der Kampf um deutsche Kultur in Amerika" (Leipzig: Dürische Buchhandlung; 3 marks). There is nothing militant about the intention of the book; the various parts were written before the war and are meant to trace the history and state the aspirations of the German-born or German-descended citizens of the United States. The author finds that from the founding of Germantown, Pa., in 1683, to the present day the Germans have played a most creditable part in the development of this country. Historically, their greatest contribution was made during the anti-slavery agitation and in the Civil War, when over 200,000 of them fought for the Union. It is the writer's conviction that the future of the Germans in America should not depend on such outward factors as immigration or exchange professors. Theirs should be the genuinely cultural task of impressing the true spirit of freedom on our American institutions which are free only in externals. The German ideal of the complete autonomy of the individual mind may help to emancipate us from the yoke of public opinion, which nowhere weighs more heavily than in our boasted "land of liberty." Professor Goebel is unswerving in his conviction that the civilization of Germany is the highest in the world. The intellectual leadership, he thinks, passed over to her definitely more than a century ago. Unfortunately, this national self-appreciation, pardonable enough in itself, is marred by expressions of wholly irrational hatred of England. One wonders how it is that this unamiable quality has been the congenital possession of so many Germans for a generation or more.

"The Wild Turkey and Its Hunting" (Doubleday, Page; $2.50 net) is, at bottom, the work of Charles L. Jordan, who followed the sport of turkey-shooting with zest and skill for many years, and finally fell with the bullet of a dastardly poacher in his back, while in charge of the Morris game preserve, near Hammond, La. The statement that his slayer is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary is an acceptable feature of the preface. Two chapters of a more scientific nature, The Turkey Prehistoric and The Turkey Historic, have been contributed by Dr. Robert W. Shufeldt, an authority of world-wide renown in matters ornithological. During his ten years of service as manager of the Morris game preserve, Mr. Jordan had developed no less skill in drawing the turkey up to the camera than he had previously acquired in bringing it within range of his rifle, and, together with the field notes and more or less finished manuscripts in his possession at the time of his death, were photographic plates of great excellence, showing the wild turkey in its normal attitudes and surroundings. From this material Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny has prepared the volume for publication, following closely the lines originally laid down by Mr. Jordan. Mr. McIlhenny apparently shares the pessimistic view so general as to the not distant extinction of this noble bird in its wild form, for he speaks of it incidentally as "vanishing." Mr. Jordan himself vigorously combats this view, holding that it will remain permanently in large numbers, at least in the extensive swamp regions of the Gulf States, and that reasonable protection will increase its numbers even in more accessible places. At the same time, he shared the prejudice of the hunter of an older day against some of the current prohibitions of the game conservationists, as, for instance, that of spring shooting. To be forbidden to lure the male turkey to his fate by means of the wing-bone call during the mating season would be a hard lot indeed for the sportsman brought up in the traditions of pioneer turkey-shooting, but there are a good many ingrained ideas which will have to go, if any considerable part of the wild inheritance of our woods and streams is to be kept as a permanent possession. It is indisputable that the undue depletion of the males is primarily responsible for the disappearance of the wild turkey from many parts of our country where it was once abundant.

The first two volumes of Prof. G. Lyon Turner's "Original Records of Early Non-Conformity Under Persecution and Indulgence" (London: Fisher Unwin; £1 5s.), were devoted to a reprint of the actual records; Professor Turner calls the third an historical introduction to them. After a prefatory section of general information, he undertakes the detailed exposition of the Episcopal returns of 1665, 1669, and 1676, and the information about non-conformists they contain. He then gives elaborate biographical materials, printing or reprinting many documents in full, about the men who moulded the scheme, and about the men who obtained licenses. The details are particularly numerous for Dr. Nicholas Butler and Col. Thomas Blood. Lists of widows and of gentry mentioned anywhere in the records have been compiled. In the Appendix is an original return for Oxford which was not available for the earlier volumes. This volume of nearly a thousand closely printed pages is really a vast repertory of material, much of it available elsewhere, arranged according to the scheme above outlined. Professor Turner seems to have printed his collection of notes and remarks, "unedited" in the French sense. It is not an introduction to anything but the materials for a study of the subject, and we doubt the expediency or importance of printing it at all. A summary statement in 300 pages of his own conclusions, carefully differentiating what was known before from what he has learned, would have been valuable. Only weeks of study could enable a diligent student to estimate the amount of new information and its value. But the briefest scrutiny reveals the fact that this is primarily martyrology, the collection of facts as facts, rather than as items of importance, about a great number of people of whom we know little, and that little of value to the historian only after general deductions have been drawn from the whole mass of evidence.

Heaton's Annual, the "Commercial Handbook of Canada," the eleventh edition of which has appeared (Toronto: Heaton's Agency; $1), contains a new section called "Where to Find It," a bibliography of Dominion and Provincial reports and standard publications relating to Canada. The usual information, political and economic, is given, including the digest of the Canadian tariff.

Dr. Thomas Kelly Cheyne, who died on February 16, was born in 1841 in London, the son of the late Rev. Charles Cheyne, second master of Christ's Hospital. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, at Worcester College, Oxford, and at Göttingen. From 1868 to 1882 he was a fellow of Balliol College. Edinburgh University conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D. in 1884, and Glasgow University in 1901. From 1880 to 1885 he was rector of Tendring, Essex, and in 1884 he became a member of the Old Testament Revision Company. Dr. Cheyne was Oriel professor of interpretation of scriptures at Oxford from 1885 to 1908, and in 1889 he was Bampton lecturer. From 1897 to 1898 he was American lecturer on the history of religions. He was an honorary fellow of Oriel and Worcester Colleges and a professor emeritus of the University. He was Canon of Rochester from 1885 to 1908. He was the author of many works of Biblical criticisms, including "Bible Problems and the New Materials for Their Solution," "Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel," "Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah," "The Two Religions of Israel," and several volumes on Isaiah, and co-author of the important "Encyclopædia Biblica." Dr. Cheyne was a pio-

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neer among English scholars in the application of the methods of the Higher Criticism to the Old Testament. In the Bampton Lectures for 1889, he argued for the post-exilic authorship of the greater part of the Book of Psalms, and provoked much controversy. Even more radical was his reconstruction of early Jewish history, in which emphasis was laid upon the importance of southern Palestine and influences from northern Arabia. He offered a new interpretation of the Exodus on the hypothesis that the Misr, or Egypt, from which the Israelites set out for the conquest of Canaan was not Egypt at all, but a land of Misr, in northern Arabia.

Science

"Alaskan Glacial Studies," by Professors Tarr and Martin (Washington, 1914), is a monograph of 498 pages, 184 photographic plates, 72 figures in the text, and 9 colored maps, published by the National Geographic Society in evidence of the four seasons of field work supported by grants from its funds. The volume at once becomes on its scientific side indispensable to students of Alaskan glaciers, or of glaciology in general; but it is of greater general importance as an indication of what may be expected in the way of American geographical exploration, promoted by the great and growing research fund of the National Geographic Society that is derived from its marvellously illustrated and everywhere popular Magazine. The senior author of these Studies, professor of physical geography at Cornell University, died in 1912; the monograph has been ably prepared by his colleague, who is associate professor of geography at the University of Wisconsin. Notable among the results presented is the rapid advance of certain Alaskan glaciers early in this century, apparently as a result of the Alaskan earthquake of 1899 (see Chapter X). Students of glacial erosion will be interested in several examples of "drowned hanging valleys."

The recently published report of Capt. J. A. Hoogewerff, the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, exhibits the basis of efficiency on which that institution has been conducted during the year ended on last June 30. Throughout this period the astronomical council, composed of the Superintendent and the heads of the departments and divisions, has met at least once each month to discuss the progress of the observatory work and to make recommendations in accordance with the order constituting it. The scientific personnel of the observatory has met twice a month, except during the summer, for the discussion of current astronomical topics and the reading of papers by its members and invited scientists. This observatory has furnished the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains with standard time at noon, seventy-fifth meridian time, each day, both by telegraph and radio, while the chronometer- and time-station at Mare Island, Cal., has done the same for the country west of the Rockies. Vessels navigating the North Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico have been furnished standard time twice each day—at noon and at 10 P. M.—by the observatory, through the navy radio stations, and the same has been done for the North and East Pacific Ocean by the Mare Island Station. Navigators, surveyors, and astronomers of this and other countries have been kept supplied with the positions of the heavenly bodies in a form for practical use, through the issue of the "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac" and other publications, and continuous fundamental meridian observations of the sun, moon, planets, and stars have been maintained throughout the year, in order to furnish data to keep the Almanac and Ephemeris up to the highest attainable standard of accuracy. With the equatorial instruments continuous observations have been made of the satellites of the planets, of occultation of stars by the moon, of comets and asteroids, in order to perfect the tables of motion of these bodies. Photographs of the sun have been taken each clear day in order to obtain data for the effect of changes in this body on climatic conditions of the earth. The navy, the revenue cutter and lighthouse service, have been kept supplied with nautical instruments, including gyro-compasses, the purchase, inspection, repair, and issue of which has been done through the Naval Observatory. In conjunction with the French authorities, the Eiffel Tower and the navy radio station at Arlington have been utilized in conducting a very thorough set of observations to determine directly by wireless telegraphy the exact difference of longitude between Washington and Paris; and, at the same time, many stations and observatories in this country made use of these signals to determine their own longitude with reference to Washington. The importance of the two daily signals to navigators may be inferred from a report by a merchant captain stating that his chronometers were checked daily from New York to a point 600 miles north of Rio Janeiro, where the distance from Arlington was 4,250 miles. The mean daily error in transmission of the signal for the year was only 0.055 second.

About a quarter of a century ago, the late Sir David Gill demonstrated the value of small photographic lenses in mapping the stars, and his lead was followed up at Harvard by Prof. E. C. Pickering, who made the first complete photographic map of the entire sky, both northern and southern constellations, on a uniform plan. This map consists of double contact prints on glass of fifty-five photographs, taken with anastigmatic lenses, each having an aperture of one inch and a focal length of about thirteen inches. One camera was mounted in Cambridge and was used principally for the northern stars; the other at Arequipa, Peru, similarly for the southern stars. Each of the prints consists of a glass plate eight by ten inches, and includes a region 30 degrees square. The value of these plates has been greatly increased by a count of the stars on them by Dr. H. Henie, of Upsala, Sweden, from which it appears that the total number of stars shown is 1,683,000, and the limiting magnitude is about 11.5. A wide distribution has been made of these plates at $15 the set, a price somewhat less than cost; and the Observatory now offers a second set for the same price. Owing to the large area covered by the plates of the first map, the images of stars near the corners are distorted, and faint stars do not appear there. Accordingly, the second series of sixty plates has been so selected that their centres coincide so far as possible with the corners of the others. Will the patient Dr. Henie utilize the long winter nights of Upsala to count his million stars all over again?

Drama and Music

THE LONDON THEATRES—SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER—BELGIAN PLAYS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, February 5.

The drama, as an art, is hibernating during the war; but the theatre, as a business, shows a good deal of activity. I talked the other day to an expert in Christmas pantomime—that peculiarly English hotch-potch of spectacle and travesty and tomfoolery—and he told me that throughout the country the popularity of this form of entertainment had been well maintained. At Drury Lane a warmed-up version of last year's pantomime, without any very attractive feature, has proved almost as remunerative as in normal years. The great middle-class, it would seem, wants to have its mind diverted from the world-wide turmoil and tragedy. Hence the continued attractiveness of "Potash and Perlmutter," and the unbounded popularity of Miss Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart." This innocent play is the great success of the season, thus giving the lie once more to the old complaint that England is prejudiced against importations from America. It would rather seem that, to a certain grade of humor and sentiment, New York and London respond with "two hearts that beat as one."

Meanwhile the dramatists who count are silent. From Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Bennett, Zangwill, Sutro, we hear never a word. One or two of them have plays ready, which they are reserving for quieter times. But even when these times come, we must not look for a rush of new masterpieces; for most of the playwrights confess that they have no heart for work under present conditions. They cannot fiddle while Rome is burning.

Mr. John Masefield and Sir James Barrie are the only men in the front rank who have produced anything since the war broke out. Of "Philip the King" and "Der Tag" I shall say little, for both have been published, and your readers have probably by this time formed their own opinion of them. It is sufficient to record that Mr. Masefield's ballad-drama of the Armada, produced under the most unfavorable circumstances at the end of an interminable benefit performance, nevertheless made a deep impression. Mr. Charles Ricketts had designed for it an admirably imaginative scene, taking full advantage of the opportunities offered by the immense stage of Covent Garden; and the acting, though not faultless, was good. It is a piece we shall certainly see again, under happier auspices. Sir James Barrie's playlet, oddly enough, appears to have been a success. It has held its place for something like six weeks in the bill of the huge variety house where it was produced; and that, I take it, means a triumph, as these things go. It has, however, undergone considerable changes. Very soon after the first night,

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the pistol incident at the close—the suggestion that the Kaiser should commit suicide—was wisely suppressed. Then, I understand, a preliminary announcement was thrown on the curtain, explaining, or purporting to explain, where reality ended and dreaming began. Now, it would seem, this exposition is omitted, and an endeavor is made to render the action self-explanatory. The fact is, I presume, that the public cares little about the mechanism of the thing and is vaguely impressed by its imaginative atmosphere. To my mind, the best line in "Der Tag" is the tag. "God cannot suffer Germany to be destroyed," cries the Emperor; and the Spirit of Culture replies: "If God is with the Allies, Germany will *not* be destroyed."

A play called "The Man Who Stayed at Home,"* by Messrs. Lechmere Worrall and Harold Terry, is having some success at the Royalty. It might be taken as the exception to the rule that the public wants to have its thought diverted from the war, for it deals with the spy mania. But the exception is more apparent than real, for, in fact, the piece is simply an amusing specimen of that ever-popular genus, the detective drama. The "man who stays at home" is an amiable humorist who incurs ostracism and obloquy because he does not enlist. But he is in reality a sort of super-detective, told off to unmask the schemes of a gang of German spies. A confidential clerk in the Admiralty, though bearing the name of his English step-father, is really the son of a deceased German general, and, with the aid of his mother, who keeps a boarding-house somewhere on the East Coast, is busily engaged in transmitting secrets to the enemy. There is, of course, a Swiss waiter in the boarding-house, who is in reality a German officer; and of course his name is Fritz. The detective, at one point, lights a cigarette and carelessly throws the burning match upon the unlit coals in the open fireplace; whereupon Fritz utters a yell of panic, and dashes at the fireplace to extinguish the match. The piercing intellect of the detective being thus set on the alert, he closely investigates the fireplace, discovers a spring which sets the grate revolving, and discloses behind it a complete wireless-telegraphy installation. "Aha!" says the detective, "I thought that flagstaff on the chimney was not there for nothing!" One would like to think that this incident, and the play in general, was designed as a satire on the spy mania; but I am afraid a good many people take it seriously. Its extravagances, however, are lightly and humorously handled, and its success is certainly due to its amusing, not to its impressive, qualities.

Mr. Rudolf Besier, author of "Don" and one or two other clever plays, has produced at the St. James's a comedy of extremely hackneyed theme, which he rather daringly seeks to renovate by placing it in an unfamiliar environment. What the Sinister Stepmother is to tragedy, the Mischievous Mother-in-law is to comedy. The plays in which she figures are legion. Even the particular situation imagined by Mr. Besier has numerous counterparts—that of the austere, puritanic mother-in-law who is jealous of her son's gay and attractive young wife, and uses her influence to make the younger woman's life intolerable, and almost to drive her, though she really loves her husband, into the arms of a lover. Such is the well-worn story Mr. Besier tells; and how does he furbish it up? By the simple expedient of making all his characters "Kings and Queens." That is the title of his play; and he certainly acts up to it. The mother-in-law is Queen Elizabeth—not, of course, the virgin Queen of blessed memory (how could she be a mother-in-law?), but the Queen-Dowager of some realm of Weissnichtwo. Her son is King Richard VIII, her daughter-in-law Queen Charlotte, and the romantic, chivalrous lover is Prince Louis of Kennaquhair. But Mr. Besier is even better than his word. Having promised us "Kings and Queens," he throws in an Emperor, without any extra charge. His Imperial Majesty Frederick IV is a sort of "oncle de l'Europe." At any rate, he is the uncle and adviser of every one concerned in this tragi-comedy, and wanders around, in the distinguished person of Sir George Alexander, imparting good though mildly cynical advice to all his high-and-mighty relatives. The structural fault of the comedy is that the Emperor is too much of a mere *raisonneur*, and takes no really determining part in the action. Nevertheless, the play lets itself be seen without either tedium or displeasure. It is well written and ably acted, not only by Sir George as the Emperor, but by Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Marie Löhr as the King and Queen, respectively. Not every day is it given to us to move for a couple of hours in such serene and transparent society; and the opportunities for the modiste and the milliner are, of course, superb.

Sir George Alexander, by the way, has just completed his twenty-fifth year of management, and has received well-earned congratulations. Of our regular managers, no one has done more for the advancement of the modern drama. The St. James's has not, indeed, been an "outpost theatre"; but it has steadily stood at the head of what may be called the popular movement. At the old Prince of Wales's, in the 'sixties, the Bancrofts rocked the cradle of the modern English drama; its childhood was nurtured in the 'seventies and 'eighties by Hare and Kendal, Clayton and Cecil, and one or two other managements; but when it reached adolescence in the early 'nineties, it was George Alexander that took it by the hand. George Alexander gave Oscar Wilde his first chance, by producing "Lady Windermere's Fan." It was he who encouraged Stephen Phillips to write "Paolo and Francesca." But the chief feather in his cap is undoubtedly the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—a play with which the modern English drama may be said to have come of age. It has now been left far enough behind both by its own author and by others; but in its day it was a truly enormous step in advance, and that step was not taken without some courage. The result, to be sure, was instant success; but a daring experiment is none the less daring because it happens to come off without misadventure. When the history of the dramatic revival in England comes to be written, the name of George Alexander will certainly hold an honorable place in it.

The Stage Society did real service in reviving, the other day, George Farquhar's comedy, "The Recruiting Officer." It did good service because it helped us to see things in perspective, and to realize once more with what small expenditure of wit and invention it was possible, two centuries ago, to become a sort of minor classic. Farquhar, to tell the truth, is rather a favorite of mine. I can read him with more pleasure than most of his contemporaries, and have, in fact, edited four of his plays, "The Recruting Officer" among the number. But when you come to see it on the stage, you realize with new precision the thinness of its confused and trivial story, and the utter childishness of that convention of disguise which maintained its hold on the stage almost down to our own day. In reading, one can accept the disguise of Silvia without too much difficulty; but when it is "subjected to our faithful eyes" the thing becomes so preposterous as to lose all interest. It is only fair to remember, of course, that we have lost the methods of acting for which these plays were designed. In this case Sergeant Kite was obviously miscast; Captain Plume lacked something of the irrepressible animal spirits demanded by the part, and Silvia was prettily rather than brilliantly played. Still, when all is said and done, it is impossible to recognize in "The Recruiting Officer" either an intellectual or a technical achievement of any note. The making of even a mediocre modern play demands twice the brain-power that went to the concoction of a farce like this. Yet you will find critics who have nothing but contempt—or at best condescension—for the drama of to-day, while they will give serious and respectful study to the so-called Dramatists of the Restoration. Congreve, I admit, stands in a class apart, simply as a literary artist; but even he, as a dramatist, did not rise above the simple and unexacting conventions of his time.

Two companies of Belgian actors have recently been giving performances in London. M. Carlo Liten, a tragic actor of distinction, produced at the Kingsway Theatre "Le Cloître," by Emile Verhaeren, certainly one of the most original plays of our time. It combines a profound study of the psychology of monasticism with what one cannot but understand as a scathing satire upon its ethics; while it is, withal, an intense and concentrated drama. It is perhaps a unique instance of a play, not only without any female character, but without a solitary word to show that there exists such a thing as a woman in the world. The other company produced, for the first time on any stage, "La Kommandatur," by M. Jean Fonson—a

*Played in New York under the title "The White Feather," and reviewed in the *Nation* last week.

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harrowing picture of the hardships and humiliations of life in Brussels under German rule. It suffered artistically from the introduction of a melodramatic villain of the Uriah Heep type—of course, a German.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Whatever may be one's individual feelings about the production of this elusive phantasy made by Mr. Granville Barker at Wallack's Theatre, it is, at any rate, intensely interesting. More than that—it is manifestly sincere, the result of careful study and earnest conviction. On the face of it, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a hopelessly undramatic piece. Were it written and published to-day, attention would be called to its undramatic qualities, and the critic, while admitting that it had some conspicuous merits as literature, would be careful to point out that it could hope for small success in a stage presentation. On the other hand, the piece is surcharged with a delicate atmosphere of faery, and it contains some glorious poetry. It is no wonder that successive managers have been piqued by the problem involved in its stage presentation and have sought various solutions. The story of the productions of "The Dream" during the past fifty years was told last week in the columns of the New York *Evening Post* by its dramatic critic, Mr. J. Ranken Towse, and for the purposes of this review we can do no better than to reproduce in part Mr. Towse's interesting summary:

"In this country, in the last fifty years, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' has never been long absent from the stage. Nearly a hundred years have slipped away since it was first played. In more recent times John Gilbert, among the latest survivals of the perfectly trained actor, won distinction as a Bottom of clear insight, indisputable humor, and executive originality. It is said that G. L. Fox, a most popular mime, was exceedingly entertaining in the same character. This may be true, but it is yet possible to question the artistic value of his interpretation. Augustin Daly gave a most luxurious and pictorial representation of the play, with charming fairy adjuncts, but the text, in its handling, seemed to be a matter of secondary consideration. The late lamented James E. Lewis was a comical Bottom, but he was nothing else. Nat Goodwin, perhaps, was even more comical, but to him Shakespeare's Bottom was fathomless. Hitherto the most famous of all modern productions of 'The Dream'—the one that is still quoted as a standard—is that which was made more than sixty years ago at Sadler's Wells, in London. It may be worth while, perhaps, to quote part of what Prof. Henry Morley, a great authority, wrote at the time of this performance and of Phelps as Bottom:

"In the first scene, before we know what his conception is, or in what spirit he wants the whole play to be received, we are puzzled by it. We miss the humor, and we get a strange, elaborate, and uncouth dream-figure, a clown restless with vanity (marked by a score of little movements) and speaking ponderously with the uncouth gesticulation of an unreal thing, a grotesque nightmare character. But that, we find, is precisely what the actor had intended to present; and we soon perceived that he was right. Throughout the fairy scenes there is a mist thrown over Bottom by the actor's art. The violent gesticulation becomes stillness, and the hands are fixed on the breast. (They are busy with the unperceived business of managing the movements of the ass's head, but it is not for that reason that they are so perfectly still. The change of manner is a part of the conception.) The dream-figure is dreaming, there is dream within dream, Bottom is quiet, his humor becomes more unctuous, but Bottom is translated. He accepts all that happens quietly, as dreamers do; and the ass's head we also accept quietly, for we, too, are in the middle of our dream, and it does not create surprise. Quite masterly was the delivery of Bottom's speech upon awakening. He was still a man subdued, but subdued by the sudden plunge into a state of unfathomable wonder. His dream clings about him, he cannot sever the real from the unreal, and still we are made to feel that the reality itself is but a fiction. The preoccupation continues to be manifest during the next scene with the players, and his parting 'No more words; away; go away,' was in the tone of a man who had lived with spirits and was not yet perfectly returned into the flesh."

Obviously the producer of "The Dream" is concerned principally with two things: to create the fairy atmosphere of the piece and to insure that full value shall be given by the players to Shakespeare's verse. It is on the latter count that Mr. Barker's production is most open to criticism. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to him for his determination to give us Shakespeare whole and unmutilated, and to this end he is assisted by the simplicity of the scenic arrangements and by his happy division of the play into three parts, in place of the purely arbitrary five acts, which makes the performance as nearly continuous probably as is possible before a modern audience. But in quickening the tempo of the piece he has unfortunately gone beyond the capabilities of his players. It is not too much to say that hardly a single performer is intelligible all the time, and many of them are unintelligible a good deal of the time. We may reject as vigorously as Mr. Barker himself the idea of what he calls the "human megaphone" declaiming the lightsome verse of these etherialized characters, but we retain a strong preference in favor of knowing that it is poetry that is being spoken and of understanding what it is all about. Of the humans Miss Lillah McCarthy, a figure of grace and beauty as Helena, failed conspicuously to do justice to the Shakespearean lines. Lysander and Demetrius, played by Walter Creighton and Ian Maclaren, were likewise effective pictorially, but their delivery sounded zestless and perfunctory. Of the quartet of lovers, only the Hermia of Miss Eva Leonard-Boyne stood out as a thoroughly intelligent and spirited performance, particularly effective in the quarrel scene. Eric Blind, as Theseus—an ungrateful rôle—made a splendid figure and spoke with clear and sonorous enunciation that was welcome, but his fellow in misfortune, so far as rôles are concerned, Miss Mary Barton, made a singularly stiff and uninspired Hippolyta.

And now for the much-discussed fairies, disguised from head to foot in gold paint and golden raiment. Mr. Barker's intent in this revolutionary departure is easy to see. The principal difficulty that faces a producer is to differentiate between the human characters and the fairies, to create the illusion of invisibility of the latter when the two are on the stage together. The audience must see at a glance that the fairies are creatures of another world, superior beings with powers transcending those of mere mortals. Very well; Mr. Barker turns them into bright golden images. It is an ingenious idea, and certainly it differentiates them. But it is a question whether in solving one difficulty Mr. Barker has not created another. For these figures, gorgeous and picturesque, if you will, are not sprites; they are images—it would not be too much to say that they are graven images. Mr. Barker may protest that nobody has ever seen a fairy and that he is therefore entitled to make his fairies look like anything he chooses, but the fact remains that most of us have a very definite conception of a fairy. There may, perhaps, be differences of opinion as to the raiment that they wear, but we know quite well that fairies look very much like ourselves, only pinker and whiter and slimmer and altogether better looking. A more deplorable result of the metallic appearance of Mr. Barker's fairies is discoverable in their diction. The Oberon of Horace Braham was generally intelligible, but it was deadly monotonous, and his conversations with Titania were as dispiriting and unfairylike as it is possible to imagine. As for the invisibility, we should be inclined to allow the imagination of the audience to take care of that. It was quite easy to concede such magic power to the Puck, who was allowed a pink complexion. The spirited performance of this part by Cecil Cameron deserves a word of praise. Would it be irreverent, however, to inquire if the marked resemblance of the Puck of this production to Struwwelpeter is Mr. Barker's delicate acknowledgment of Teutonic appreciation of Shakespeare?

But, after all, the principal interest of Mr. Barker's production is in his stage arrangements, the use that he makes of the proscenium arch, as the frame of a picture, and of the apron stage projected into the auditorium. Here, we think, he has gone far to prove his case. There is only one shift of scene, and the use of the silk drop immeasurably quickens the action, while the added spaciousness of the stage immensely facilitates the disposition of characters and groups. This is particularly the case in the scene representing the fairy glen (a singularly beautiful setting formed by symbolic draperies, with a Maypole-like structure on Titania's mossy bank) when the two pairs of lovers are able, without incongruity, to dispose themselves in different parts of the stage, unknown to each other, and in the play scene, where the grouping of Theseus and his court across the front of the apron stage to watch the play was a beautiful and most effective arrangement.

A word must be said for the "mechanicals." Ernest Cossart was on the whole an entertaining Bottom, his reading of the part, which attributes to the character more intellectual nimbleness than he is usually credited with, being decidedly interesting. The Quince of O. P. Heggie was clever and properly restrained, and Snug, Flute, and Starveling were all well played by, respectively, George Carr, Gerald Hamer, and Arnold Lucy.

S. W.

Thanks largely to the missionary labors of Philip Hale, Boston has long been the American headquarters of the latest phase of French music, as embodied in the works of a group of composers headed by Debussy, Ravel, and Dukas. Boston also has a pianist who has made a specialty of this style of music, and performs it authoritatively. This pianist, George Copeland, came to New York some years ago in the endeavor to arouse interest in his chosen specialty. On Monday afternoon, in Aeolian Hall, he once more gave music lovers of the metropolis a chance to hear him. As was to be expected, he again featured Debussy, seven of whose pieces were on the programme: "Reflets dans l'eau,"

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"Danse de Puck," "La Cathédrale engloutie," "Les Fées sont d'exquises danseuses," "Clair de lune," "La Puerta del Vino," "Feux d'Artifice." He played this group charmingly. Debussy certainly is at his best in his piano pieces, and when they are played with the sparkling brilliancy Mr. Copeland has at his command, they cannot fail to impress an audience, in spite of a certain degree of monotony resulting from intervallic and dissonantal mannerisms. Apart from these pieces, Mr. Copeland gave most pleasure to critical listeners by his nimble execution of one of Liszt's splendid études, in which he brought out some beautiful tonal effects. There was a splendid rhythmic energy and swing in his playing of the finale of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, and one cannot but commend him for his courage in defying the wrath of the pedants in daring to play only a part of that rather too elaborate work. He also played the first movement (only) of MacDowell's Sonata Tragica somewhat less penetratingly than his other numbers, possibly because it came first on the programme, besides pieces by Scarlatti, Chopin, Albeniz, and Grovlez.

Art

A MASTER IN WOOD CARVING.

Grinling Gibbons and the Woodwork of His Age. By H. Avray Tipping. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $8 net.

It is remarkable to find in one of our best supplied fine-art libraries no previous extensive monograph on Grinling Gibbons. The name of this greatest of English sculptors in wood has long been cherished by architects. His handiwork, despite the ravages of time, insects, and restorers, abounds in Great Britain. In American exhibitions of arts and crafts one notes an increasing frequency of woodwork executed in what is believed to be the manner of Grinling Gibbons. It is indubitable that this versatile genius, whose best efforts were made in the last two decades of the seventeenth century, was in quality and quantity of achievement one of the foremost artists of modern times. His work was extraordinarily like Nature, and artistic withal. He was a veritable Vermeer of wood carving, and like the master of Delft, he is known to us rather by what he left than by what he was. In seeking information about his personality and accomplishments one has depended heretofore on fragmentary sketches in biographical dictionaries, these based on statements and misstatements made by Horace Walpole; on the account given in Chancellor's "Lives of the British Sculptors," and on the brief and unsatisfactory letterpress of an excellent portfolio of photographic illustrations prepared by Albert E. Bullock under the title of "Grinling Gibbons and his Compeers."

By Mr. Tipping for the first time the art and life of Grinling Gibbons has been considered exhaustively, mistakes in dates and attribution corrected, an endeavor made to distinguish between the woodwork that was from the master's shops and that attributable to his imitators. A complete biographical record even this author's industry has not succeeded in establishing. The paucity of authentic facts, indeed, is surprising when one recalls the prominent place Grinling Gibbons held for nearly half a century, as sculptor in several media, maker of the public statues of two monarchs, chief woodworker at Hampton Court Palace, Windsor Castle, St. Paul's Cathedral, Kensington Palace, Trinity College, Cambridge, Queen's College, Oxford, in various London and provincial churches, and at many country seats of the nobility. In spite of much research, our main reliance for information is still on a few details which Walpole drew from George Vertue's notebooks, on scattered references in John Evelyn's diary, and on records of disbursements made to the workers on St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. Tipping accepts the evidence of the Ashmolean manuscript that Gibbons was born at Rotterdam in 1648. That at least his father was English has been stated by a contemporary, and it has been surmised that Grinling was a son of Simon Gibbons, a master carpenter who worked under Inigo Jones. "The fact that capable architectural craftsmen were little needed in England under the Commonwealth, but were in great demand in Holland at that time, is well worth noting as a help towards conjecturing the origin of the great artist-carver."

Our real knowledge of Grinling Gibbons begins with January, 1671, when Evelyn, walking out at Deptford, looked through the window of a tumble-down cottage and saw within a young man carving "that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original remains." This piece evidently had the exquisite qualities of Gibbons's later work, "there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the worke was very strong."

Evelyn's attempt to induce Charles II to buy his protégé's masterpiece failed, but he later took Christopher Wren, then starting his plans for a new St. Paul's, to see Gibbons at work in the lonely house. From this visit resulted a connection that was very profitable to both men. From 1672 until about 1710, when the fashion in English woodwork changed to a more formal and decorative manner, Gibbons never lacked employment, which he frequently owed to Wren's great influence. The wonder is that even with skilled assistants he could have designed and supervised the execution of so much work as he undertook.

In a valuable section of the book the author discusses the technical development of English woodcarving down to Grinling Gibbons. One may, nevertheless, from this account, be left a little uncertain as to what was admirable, what reprehensible in the treatment of wood that reached its apogee in the newly arisen London cathedral. The problem is difficult. Certain Gothic enthusiasts of the nineteenth century solved it by throwing Gibbons's carvings out of edifices which he had adorned in his best manner. To them he was simply an apostle of vulgar realism.

He was in reality, of course, a wonderfully gifted artist, but the methods of his time, as Mr. Tipping concedes, were not those of frank treatment of honest materials. "What was really admirable was to make a thing appear to be what it was not, and to treat materials not so much according to their nature, but as if they were something else. It needed skilful manipulation and cunning contrivance to gain in a material used thinly, such as wood, the effect produced naturally by a material used solidly, such as stone." And it is, in point of fact, easier to like than to defend an art which went to the extreme of naturalistic representation of flowers, fruits, insects, and other objects and which, on the manipulative side, dealt largely in built-up surfaces, in blocks of limewood glued together so deceptively that one is often deceived into supposing the carving to be from a single piece.

The general responsibility of Inigo Jones for the character of the artistic impulse that culminated in Gibbons is admitted by Mr. Tipping, but with the reservation that the protagonist of Palladian architecture did not hold very enlightened views on wood-carving. "At the same time," he writes, "in speaking of woodwork we must not dwell too much on Inigo Jones. If, as Wren asserted, he was apprenticed to a joiner in St. Paul's churchyard, he proved a traitor to his craft. He was the enemy of wood, and though it was his influence which led to its most ambitious and finished manifestations in England, this was not at all his intention. It was not the outcome of his views, and when his views fully prevailed, more than half a century after his death, in the days of Lord Burlington and his group of architects, the star of English joinery began to pale." Elsewhere we find comment on the "curious anomaly that at the moment when the classic spirit triumphed in our architecture, when the inviolable rules of Vitruvius, as amplified and coördinated by Palladio, were accepted as their creed by English designers, the treatment of the elements of decoration disobeyed authority and strove not to be an adaptation from Nature, but Nature its very self."

Grinling Gibbons lived until 1720, but his style belongs distinctively to the seventeenth century. His latest known production is the woodwork of Hampton Court Palace, installed in 1710. By that time fashion had turned from his ornate and realistic manner, although work in his style was done by followers and imitators for years after his death. How the artist spent the decline of life is unknown, but it is conjectured that he lived in retirement at his Bow Street house, among the pictures of which he was an ardent collector. After his death his portrait by Kneller was sold, with other works of art, and went eventually to Czarina Catherine, from whom it reached the Hermitage where it now is.

Particularly useful to architects, woodcarvers, and designers are the 234 illustrations which Mr. Tipping has drawn not only from

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the more familiar and frequented structures in which Grinling Gibbons placed his work, but from many country houses to which access would ordinarily be difficult. The book is in folio form, with 259 pages of highly glazed paper. One curious typographical error is noted. Considering the care with which we are bidden avoid the modern affectation of leaving the final *s* from the artist's name, one is surprised at this caption, on page 46: "Fig. 45.—Gibbon's Nativity."

Finance

THE FALL IN THE FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

The decline in sterling exchange, on Tuesday of last week, to the amazingly low rate of 4.79, created in fairly equal measure financial bewilderment and economic conjecture. When exchange on London went momentarily to $7 in the pound sterling, in the war panic of last July, and when it held stubbornly around $5 during the next six weeks, the banking community did not hesitate to say that no rates so high had ever before been witnessed in the history of American finance. In normal times, a rate of $4.89 would be sufficient to obtain in New York, at the mint price of $4.86⅝, a pound sterling worth of gold or multiples of it, to pay for freight, insurance, and loss of interest during the ocean transit, and then, after settling the debit account at London, leave a respectable profit for the shipper. Therefore, so long as the gold could be obtained and shipped, the rate could go no higher.

The fact that the rate had risen 11 cents or more above this normal maximum was understood by bankers to mean one or all of three things. England was recalling its capital from America on so enormous a scale as to force the balance of international payments, with unprecedented violence, in London's favor. Or the outbreak of war on the ocean, and the fact that ships bound for England were liable to capture, made it impracticable to send gold, even with sterling above 4.89, and therefore drove to an abnormal height the price for the limited supply of commercial drafts. Or, finally, the New York banks were unwilling to give up gold at all for export—fearing that Europe's sales of its American securities would absolutely exhaust this country's gold reserves.

Early last month, exchange on London had declined to $4.83½. Under normal conditions, it could go no lower; because the margin, between that rate and our mint price of $4.86⅝ for an English sovereign, is sufficient to provide for obtaining in London gold enough to cover the draft in New York city, and sufficient also to pay for bringing the gold from London, and to leave a profit over. But last week, at the end of a spectacular decline, the rate of exchange on London fell by Tuesday to the remarkable figure of $4.79. Wall Street exchange houses agreed that they had no record on their books of so low a sterling rate. Along with sterling, the rate of exchange on Rome, Switzerland, and Berlin went to an equally abnormal discount.

The inferences drawn by bankers, as to what last August's $5 sterling quotation meant, have been stated. What inferences did they draw from the sensational reversal of conditions, as shown by last week's rate? Most of the explanations are familiar. Our recent enormous export of grain and war munitions has swung the balance violently in our favor. We are getting now the advantage of having redeemed so much of our foreign dues last autumn; Europe's payment for merchandise now going out has not, as would usually be the case, been anticipated. The "war risk" still makes transoceanic shipment of gold more costly, and thus widens the extremes of export and import points.

There are left two other explanations, both of them hypothetical. A belief exists in some quarters that large amounts of European capital have been privately sent to the United States—possibly in connection with New York's assumption of London's usual work of financing outside markets; possibly for safekeeping. Movements of this sort cannot usually be traced. Sending of capital from belligerent states to a sound banking centre in a powerful neutral state has been a traditional incident of great wars.

Much capital from France, and from elsewhere on the Continent, was certainly sent for that purpose to London during 1870. A London financial correspondent of that period went so far as to say, three months after the Franco-Prussian War began, that even of gold, "there is little doubt that an important supply has been forwarded to London for safety." In fact, the Bank of England, whose gold holdings when the war broke out were $10,000,000 less than a year before, held in October $15,000,000 above 1869. Immense sums were entrusted by individuals and governments, during the Napoleonic wars, to bankers in the great neutral cities of Frankfort and Hamburg; a process which laid the foundations of the Rothschild fortune.

The second hypothesis is of an economic sort. It assumes that if gold were released in sufficient quantity, from Ottawa or London, no such sterling rate as 4.79 could possibly exist. But if gold is not released, then does not the depreciation in exchange measure something like depreciation of a foreign currency? That the far more abnormally low exchange on Berlin means this in the case of Germany, most economists probably believe. Yet if the Reichsbank were to give up a sufficient part of its $540,000,000 gold reserve—sending it, say, to Amsterdam—it should be able to bring back its currency to par.

London has itself apparently recognized the force of this reasoning, in its own case; for it last week sent $5,000,000 gold to New York from its Ottawa reserve, and will probably send more. Sterling accordingly recovered fully 4 cents from Tuesday's minimum. It is not yet at a normal rate, however—a fact which has caused belief that the next step possibly might be the raising of a sufficient credit at New York, by London, to permit of the settlement of its American debits by drawing, not on Lombard Street, but on Wall Street.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Allen, J. L. The Sword of Youth. Century. $1.25 net.
Author of The Martyrdom of an Empress. Moonglade. Harper. $1.35 net.
Bailey, T. Contrary Mary. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
De Veer, W. An Emperor in the Dock. Lane. $1.25 net.
Fleming, G. L. Shower and Sunshine. Longmans, Green. $1.60 net.
Millner, G. F. The Sergeant of Fort Toronto. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Ridge, W. P. The Happy Recruit. Doran. $1.25 net.
Singmaster, E. Katy Gaumer. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Skrine, M. J. H. Billie's Mother. Century. $1.35 net.
Urner, M. H. The Woman Alone. Harper. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bailey, C. S. Montessori Children. Holt. $1.25 net.
Brittain, F. L. In the Realm of Fact and Fancy. Privately printed.
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. 1907-1911. Vols. VI, VII, and VIII. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.
Gregory, A. The French Revolution and the English Novel. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Harper, R. F. Assyrian and Babylonian Letters. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Part XIV.
Kittredge, G. L. Chaucer and His Poetry. Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.
Morgan, A. The American Girl. Harper. 50 cents net.
Noble, C. The Story of English Speech. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Rogers, C. K. English Diction: The Voice in Speech. Part I. Privately printed.
The Art and Craft of Letters Series: Comedy. Satire. History. The Epic. Dor n. 40 cents net each.
Various Writers. Killing for Sport. With preface by G. B. Shaw. Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Bell & Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cadbury, George. Town Planning. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.
Decisions of the United States Courts Involving Copyright. 1913-1914. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Fosdick, R. B. European Police Systems. Century. $1.30 net.
Paul, N. B. The Heart of Blackstone. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.
Ripley, W. Z. Railroads. Longmans, Green. $3 net.
Walsh, C. M. The Political Science of John Adams. Putnam. $2.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barron, C. W. The Audacious War. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Begbie, H. Kitchener. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Erwin, M. The Bloody Vendetta: History of Williamson County, Illinois.
Ex-Intelligence Officer. The German Spy System from Within. Doran. $1 net.
Ex-Royal Navy. The British Navy. Doran. $1 net.
Humphreys, F. L. What We Owe to France. Gorham.
Kennan, G. A Russian Comedy of Errors. Century. $1.25 net.
Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. Six Weeks at the War. Chicago: McClurg.
Moreton, Lady. A Playmate of Philip II. Lane. $3 net.
Moses, B. Spanish Dependencies in South America. Vols. I and II. Harper.
Parker, Wm. B. Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.

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